

*W. H. A. Song of Solomon*

# PARAPHRASE

O R,

Large Explicatory P O E M,

U P O N T H E

SONG of SOLOMON.

W H E R E I N,

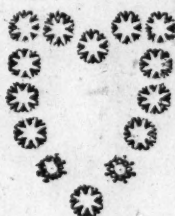
The mutual Love of CHRIST and his Church, contained in that Old Testament *Song*, is imitated in the language of the New Testament, and adapted to the Gospel-dispensation.

By the late Reverend

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CHESHUNT



COLLEGE

Printed by ROBERT DUNCAN, and sold at his  
Shop Pope's Head Salt-Market, 1770.







# P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Curious and Serious Readers.

CURIOUS READER,

**I** Do not propose by the following lines to satisfy your curiosity, any further than by a plain explication of this scriptural Song, in a way adapted to the New-Testament dispensation: and perhaps you will be at no loss, if you find the equity of the paraphrase, even where you miss the elegance of the poem; or if you find any precious truth to edify your soul, though you should miss a pompous embellishment to gratify your fancy. If I had been of the opinion that no poem should see the light, but such as has the name of some great and famous poet prefixed to it, and could reasonably expect the universal applause of a learned age, I would never have consented to the publication of this, in a day wherein the art of poetry is improved to such great perfection by some, whose bright genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical productions in a

very beautiful and splendid dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the mould of metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this attempt: but to be of this mind were in effect to think, there could be no wholesome food but what is presented in a lordly dish; no good lodging in any house, but such as were built by some curious mechanic, or famous architect; nor convenient accommodation in any room or chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with very neat arras. How few would there be to fight for their country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty heroes, great champions, and such as are head and shoulders higher than others? How many must go naked, if no cloathing were allowed but silk and sattin, and rich embroideries? It will be hard to persuade the world, that none should write or make use of a pen, but such as can imitate the finest copper plate; or that none should open their mouth to speak above their breath, but such as can equal the finest orator.

But though in this essay I pretend not to act the part of the lofty poet, yet I have endeavoured that what I hope is obvious to the vulgar, and not above their view, may be at the same time not nauseous to the polite, nor below their view, if they are such as can lay aside the swollen air of criticism. Those, to whom no plain serious gospel-truths can give any satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but flowers of wit and flights of rhetoric can give delight, do perhaps too much bewray their ignorance of pious pleasures. The soul may be miserably hungered and starved, where the fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenuous

nuous acknowledgment of a famous and religious poet, in the preface to his excellent hymns and spiritual songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself, (says he) to have been too oft tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too oft prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat."

Now, though I own that the defect of my poetical talent might lead me to an acknowledgment of a quite other nature, being sensible how much every paragraph here despairs of giving much delight to these of a more refined taste, and of pleasing the fancy with many bright embellishments of poetry; yet the great scarcity of these may have this great advantage, that here there are few such beautiful flowers or bright images to tempt any man away from the spiritual design, or so to gratify the fancy, as to prevail above the fire of divine affection, that should burn in the heart with a heat equal to the light. Not that I am disobliged with these gay and flowery expressions in this and other valuable authors, whereby they are so apt to be a temptation to themselves and their readers, even in their spiritual songs; for I must confess they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently both here and elsewhere essayed to imitate them, by adopting some of their delicious metaphors; so I would certainly have run into the same fault, if I had been endued with the same genius; only I may infer from the foregoing confession, that poems upon divine subjects, which afford not a train of those gay temptations that bewitch the fancy and divert the imagination, may upon this account be (at least) not

the less fitted for advancing spiritual designs and divine affections.

I am not here to make any apology for the metre, though some may judge that in this essay I have studied rhyme as much as poesy. I know that there may be good music and measure without the gingle of a crambo; and that it is a great weakness to humour the sound, so as to darken the sense. I own, my difficulty never lay much in studying the crambo, with the even cadency; for these, if they be any parts or properties of poesy, occurred natively enough, without much thought: and perhaps it would have been a fault to have slighted the rhyme designedly in a composition of this sort, fitted for the religious recreation of serious Christians; especially when I find the formentioned eminent poet (by whose remarks, of which I had a little specimen, perhaps the following sheets had been better polished for the public, had his circumstances allowed a more close and full review thereof) in his hymns, Page 194. by a marginal note (I find him, I say) "hoping, the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme even in the 1st and 3d lines of the stanza throughout some following pages;" which supposes it may be a fault (in his opinion) not to humour the metre in essays of this nature. But, if any think I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the rhyme when words favouring it appeared to me as opposite to the purpose as others, and the low genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your sake, (curious Reader) that precious truth is here set before you in such a coarse garb; but, if you attend to the matter, it will (as I said) be no loss to you, that you have  
not



not here many artful embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred truth can be set off in too comely a dress, no more than I think that the holy Bible can be printed on too fine a type: but if every page and passage thereof were illuminate or adorned with fine cuts, I suppose this would do more harm than good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I should be glad to see this sacred book painted forth in more lively, pure, and spiritual colours, than it can appear into, in this homely essay: however, if the picture here be but just, you will perhaps be much obliged to a genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded frame to divert your eye from it.

But when you hear of the spirituality and religious design of this poem, and that (as I may shew in the other part of the preface) the subject thereof is not the *fair Circassian*, but the *fair Christian*, and his infinitely fairer head and husband Jesus Christ; though the theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered, than all the wanton sonnets in the world, however artfully trimmed; yet I am afraid this subject be thought so jejune, insipid, and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your curiosity, so far as to glance over a few lines of this book, you may throw it aside like an old almanac, and soon give your judgement *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor profit and advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And, since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to these to whom this little essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

## SERIOUS READER,

**T**Hough it is especially for your spiritual edification and comfort, I have essayed in this manner to explain and open up the gospel that is contained in this sacred song; yet I design not to say one word to you in commendation of this poem upon it, nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot thro' the blessing of God commend itself to your heart and experience. But if you are exercised unto godliness, and acquainted with the sweet life of fellowship and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall here see a picture and representation both of his heart towards you, and of your heart towards him; and a portraiture of the sweetest experience of intimacy with heaven, that the bride of Christ can have upon earth. And I judge that a song upon this subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the bride, the Lamb's wife, is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book might prove a mean for helping her to sing away her sorrows, and to harmonize with the design of that precious promise, Hos. ii. 15. "I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there." To drive away the night of trouble with songs of praise, would be a work and exercise most suitable to that gracious name our Lord takes to himself, Job xxxv. 10. "God our maker, who giveth songs in the night,"

We have a divine precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the serious, Eph. v. 18, 19. — "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in



“ in your heart to the Lord;” and, Col. iii. 16.  
 “ Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly  
 “ in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one  
 “ another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual  
 “ songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the  
 “ Lord.” And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the apostle’s example, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. “ I will sing with the spirit, and  
 “ I will sing with the understanding also; but likewise by an express divine appointment, Psal. xlvii. 6, 7. where the command to sing is repeated five times in a breath, “ Sing praises to God,  
 “ sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing  
 “ praises. Sing ye praises with understanding.” Now, this sacred song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with understanding and judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the mysteries and metaphors thereof to your view.

I have designedly cast this book into the mould of common metre; because as it was intended especially for the use of serious Christians in this part of the island; so in case any of them should see fit to make some of these lines a part of their spiritual and devout recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scotch churches, where none but the common tunes are used. And in the whole I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your capacity, that where-ever I have been obliged to use any words (such as *prolific*, *mellifluous*, &c.) which I reckon are not so obvious to the understanding of the vulgar, I have explained them at the foot of the page, and hope it is but very seldom any such words occur to cloud and darken the sense to you.

I know

I know that this sacred book of scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest instances of the grace of Christ toward his church and people are represented under the figure of a conjugal state, has been greatly profaned by impure writers, who have used or rather abused their poetical art, to the gratifying of carnal minds, and prostituting this holy divine song to the most unholy ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this Paraphrase so to open the import of every metaphor, as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton passions, which I hope shall find no handle here by any mode of expression tending to divert the mind from the spirituality of the theme. The composition upon every text here is such, as I think, without great violence done to it, can never be applied to any lovers inferior to that glorious Bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the bride the Lamb's wife, as the church is designed, Rev. xxi. 9.

I thought it needless here in a prefatory way to offer you a key for opening this song, since this has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly Durham's book upon it, which is so common among many hands; I refer the reader to his *Clavis cantici*, prefixed to that book. Mr. Henry says, The best key for opening this book is the xlvth psalm, which we find applied to Christ in the New Testament. And it seems the more fit this book be now opened in a way suited to that dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament, than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his church and people; for which I might multiply instances, were it needful.

The objections of adversaries against the divinity of this book are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the faith of its divine extraction,  
and

and spiritual application to the marriage between Christ and his church, by the ancient, constant, and concurring testimony both of the Jewish and Christian church. And hence, though to carnal minds, it is a flower out of which they have extracted poison; yet, to those that are spiritual, it is sweeter than the honey and the honey-comb; inso-much that some have made it the mark and characteristic of a saint, to find and experience the spiritual relish and quickening savour of this part of scripture.

Profane wits, who ridicule this lofty anthem as a carnal epithalamium or marriage-song, seem to be at a non-plus whether to apply it to Solomon's marriage with the Egyptian princess, or a Circassian dame; but they must be yet at a greater loss what to make of some compliments and commendations given to Solomon's bride, if they were to be properly (and not figuratively) understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having "an head like Carmel, teeth like a flock of sheep, a nose like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an army with banners?" &c. And, if Solomon's chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what matter would they suppose it to be made, when the *midst* of it is said to be *paved with love*? Or, if love be no material thing, how shall it be a material chariot? But this sacred song is not the worse, because profane and wanton wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene senses upon some passages of it. It requires indeed, as interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious reader. It breathes forth the hottest flames of love between Christ and his people, and has in all ages of the church been most sweet, comfortable, and useful to all that have read it with serious and spiritual eyes. One of the fathers (A-thana-

thanafius) comparing this fong with other fcriptures of the Old Testament, fays, it is like John the Baptift among the prophets: other fcriptures fpeak of Chrift as coming, and afar off; this fpeaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand; fo familiar and present is he here represented both to the faith and fenfe of his people. Zanchius makes this fong a compend and copy of the fpiritual marriage with Chrift. And another great divine (Bodius in Eph.) calls it *ipsius fidei & religionis Christianæ medulla*, the very marrow and fubftance of faith and Chriftianity itfelf. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable work or fervice, to open up in a homely poefy, funk to the level of vulgar capacities, the great gofpel-mysteries contained in this allegorical fcripture, and in a ftrain futed to the New Testament difpenfation.

This effay (fervous reader) being the fruit of fome ftudy and application only at leifure hours, is on this account, the work of feveral years; and though occasions had allowed, yet the nature of the ftudy, however pleafant in itfelf, was more fevere both to body and mind, than to have allowed a continued progrefs in it without many intermiffions till it was finifhed. Some parts of this compofure being therefore at fome years diftance from other parts of it, it is poffible fome difcerning and judicious readers will obferve that fome of the texts and chapters are explained with more life and accuracy than others; which may be eafily accounted for, by every one who knows that the vein of poefy and frame of fpirit is, fubject to various alterations higher or lower, at different times. The greateft defect I have here found myfelf to labour under, was with reference efpecially to that fpirituality of frame, heavenlinefs of mind, and clofe communion with Chrift, that an effay to open this facred divine fong



song required; since in it the believer's most intimate fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative expressions. However, it has been my earnest desire sometimes, that my labour in this might not be in vain in the Lord, but that it might contribute, through the divine blessing, to the instruction, edification, and comfort of the Lord's people, especially such as have little access to read large Comments upon this sacred song; and particularly those of the congregation which I have so long had a special concern in, and relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon texts in this book of the Song of Solomon.

It must be owned, there are great depths in this allegorical scripture, the letter whereof kills these that rest in that, and look no further: but the spirit thereof giveth life, 2 Cor. iii. 6. John vi. 63.; and that it requires great pains and caution to point out the meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every part of this poetical book, and in applying the figures and similes therein to the several graces and virtues of the Bridegroom and the bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private thought or imagination of mine own in the interpretation of this notable part of holy scripture, without observing my view thereof to be agreeable with the judgment of sound commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little help as to the form, yet from them I willingly collected materials. Nor did I venture to make a paraphrase upon any one verse here, till I had once consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the current of orthodox writers, their judgment upon it, of which you have here a sum. Though yet the paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged most upon these places that I reckoned were most em

phatical, but also touched at the connection of one verse and purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the illustration of the scope. Nor have I passed over any one verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain view of the meaning and import of it. And, if more seem to be said upon any verse in this Song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great fault, if what is said be evidently deducible from it, or necessary for the further explication of it, and for adapting this paraphrase upon an Old Testament song, to a New Testament dispensation. Besides, the sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow bounds of common metre, has sometimes made the repetition (though not of words, yet) of matter unavoidable: and though every explication is but an amplified circumlocution, yet I have used as few repetitions as could consist with my design of conveying a clear idea of the meaning.

I thought fit to set down the scripture text at large before the paraphrase, partly that every one, even of those who would hardly be at the pains to consult their Bibles, might have an opportunity to compare the text and the paraphrase together; and partly that there might be occasion to mark upon the margin some of the different readings that the original text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the paraphrase.



A  
P A R A P H R A S E;  
O R,  
Explicatory P O E M,  
U P O N T H E  
SONG of S O L O M O N.

C H A P. I. The Title.

Verse 1. *The song of songs, which is Solomon's*

**T**HE choice of anthems \* exquisite,  
From Sol'mon's sacred pen,  
Which doth to heav'nly love excite  
The souls of holy men.

Its characters divine evince,  
And evidently clear,  
A wiser king, a greater prince, //  
Than Solomon is here.

Who from above did animate  
And with celestial flame  
Inspire the song to equal that  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

This to the Lamb's fair bride belongs,  
To sound on all her strings

\* Songs

// ΠΛΕΙΟΝ ΣΟΛΟΜΩΝ<sup>B</sup> ΤΩΣ ΛΟΥΚΑ 11:31

With

With tuneful harp the song of songs  
To Christ the King of kings.

The CHURCH's Words.

*Verse 2. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth:  
for thy love \* is better than wine.*

Let him who in my room and place  
Did act the kindest part,  
The love of God, the Prince of peace,  
The victor of my heart.

With sweet endearments from above  
Let him my soul embrace;  
To shew my int'rest in his love,  
And manifest his grace.

With blessings of thy mouth divine  
O may I favour'd be!  
More precious is thy love than wine,  
More sweet than life to me.

I was among the trait'rous crew  
Doom'd to eternal fire,  
When he, to pay the ransom, flew  
On wings of strong desire.

Jesus the God with naked arms,  
Hangs on a cross and dies,  
Then mounts the throne, with mighty charms  
T' embrace me from the skies.

His mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals;  
His kisses from above

\* *Hebrew, thy loves.*

Are

*the SONG of Solomon.*

Are pardons, promises, and seals  
Of everlasting love.

Verse 3. *Because of the savour of thy good ointments,  
thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do  
the virgins love thee.*

The oil of gladness and of grace,  
On thee pour'd largely forth,  
Does spread around in ev'ry place,  
Thy favour and thy worth.

Like precious oil diffus'd, thy name  
Along such odour sends,  
That hence from virgin souls a flame  
Of holy love ascends.

Thy love to them, thus shed abroad  
So much inflames their heart  
With love to thee, that thou their God  
Their darling also art.

O sav'ry names! the *Prophet* kind,  
Anointed to instruct,  
Who by his counsel leads the blind,  
To glory will conduct.

Th' anointed *Priest*, by solemn vow,  
Did once for sin atone:  
The blood, that was the price, is now  
The plea before the throne.

Th' anointed *King*, to bear the sway,  
And dash the rebel foes,  
To make the feeble win the day,  
Tho' death and hell oppose.

Each virgin-tongue with pleasure sings  
Thy lasting honour, thus;

“ Jesus our Prophet ever brings

“ The light of life to us.

“ Jesus our Priest for ever lives

“ To plead for us above.

“ Jesus our King for ever gives

“ The blessings of his love.”

*Verse 4. Draw me, we will run after thee.---*

No strength to come to thee have I

Yea, Lord, no will to move ;

Till pow'r divine my bonds unty,

And draw with cords of love.

O draw me, Jesus, by thy grace,

Allure me by thy charms ;

Then we will run to thine embrace,

And flee into thine arms.

My zeal will other souls excite

When I am drawn to thee ;

With virgin saints will sinners meet,

And run along with me.

*—The King hath brought me into his chambers.  
we will be glad and rejoice in thee,——*

The glorious King whom I besought,

Anon my cry did hear :

Me to his presence-chamber brought

And kindly drew me near.

Then ev'ry thing that did annoy,

While I his absence mourn'd,

So quickly vanish'd into joy,

My grief to gladness turn'd.

We'll now exult in thee, O King,

With holy chearfulness ;

Our

Our hearts will joy, our lips will sing,  
Our lives will praise express.

—We will remember thy love more than wine: the  
upright love thee.

Our grateful mem'ries will record  
This matchless love of thine,  
And keep the relish thereof, Lord,  
Beyond the richest wine.

Tho' fools abound, who nor desire  
Nor pleasure fix on thee;  
Yet wisdom's children all conspire  
To love and joy with me.

Th' upright without deceit, that prove  
Like gold without alloy,  
Make thee the object of their love,  
And centre of their joy.

Verse 5. *I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of  
Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains  
of Solomon.*

Ye that professors are at large,  
Or that are weak in grace,  
Take no offence at me, I charge,  
Nor at my swarthy face.

Shun not to come and share with me  
Both in my love and joy,  
Because my visage black ye see  
With sin and sore annoy.

Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,  
And in my outward lot;  
Yet in my lovely, glorious Head  
I'm fair without a spot.



Dusky like Kedar tents am I,  
 O ye of Salem's race;  
 But yet with Sol'mon's curtains vie  
 For comeliness by grace.

*Verse 6. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me,---*

Then gaze not with disdainful eyes  
 On me in sable clad:  
 Nor slight my beauty fair, that lies  
 Within the gloomy shade.

No wonder I so black became,  
 If ye the cause will note:  
 For fore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am  
 With persecution hot.

False brethren, that malignant race,  
 My mother's sons untrue,  
 In rage cast dust upon my face,  
 And fully'd all my hue.

They pour'd on me what open shame  
 Their malice could conceive;  
 With foul reproaches stain'd my name,  
 And us'd me like a slave.

*—They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

They of their vineyards me the drudge  
 Oppress'd with crushing care:  
 Such servile labours, ye may judge,  
 My beauty much impair.

Yea, while, alas! thus toil'd I slept,  
 And sloth my watch remov'd,

I've



I've not my proper vineyard kept,  
My talents not improv'd.

But tho' my folly hath me marr'd,  
And wrought my own distress;  
Yet be not at religion scar'd,  
Nor stumbled at my blifs.

For 'gainst myself I bear record,  
That hence my slav'ry flows:  
While I neglect to serve my Lord,  
I'm left to serve my foes.

*Verse 7. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where  
thou feedest \* and where thou makest thy flocks to  
rest at noon:---*

When sins and suff'rings work my grief,  
And both depress me so,  
My Lord alone can give relief;  
To him I therefore go.

O thou the darling of my heart,  
My soul's beloved one,  
Who Isra'ls kindly shepherd art  
Thy paths to me make known.

O shew me where thy flocks are fed,  
Where dost thou cause them eat,  
And where thou giv'st 'em rest and shade  
At noon, from scorching heat.

The pasture's fat, the shelter vast,  
That does thy sheep inclose;  
Fain would I feed in their repast,  
And rest in their repose.

\* *The word is here active.*

—For why should I be as one that turneth aside by  
the flocks of thy companions?

For why should I, that am thy bride,  
Be left to starve and stray,  
Or seem as one that turns aside  
To any crooked way?

All other loves my soul abhors,  
Thy rivals I disdain;  
With flocks of thy competitors  
Why should I wander then?

I all thy feign'd companions hate  
They are a bane to me;  
My soul affects no other mate,  
No other Lord, but thee.

O if I knew thy fix'd abode,  
I'd lodge for ever there;  
Where may I then enjoy my God?  
O tell me, tell me where.

#### CHRIST's Words.

Verse 8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among  
women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,  
and feed thy kids beside the shepherds tents.*

O thou my bride, whom I esteem  
The fairest of thy race,  
However black thy form may seem,  
While griefs do veil thy grace;  
Dost thou not know, my lovely bride,  
The shadow of the rock,  
Nor pastures green where I abide,  
And feed my little flock?

Come

Come follow my directing grace  
Which I afford to thee;

I'll lead thee to the sweetest place  
Of fellowship with me.

That hence thy feet may never swerve,  
Nor fall in snares and wrack,

The footsteps of the flock observe,  
And follow thou the track.

See how they climb the rock in droves,  
To social worship prone;

And forthwith haunt retiring groves,  
To meet with me alone.

Keep thou the beaten good old path,  
Yet new and living way,

Which all my saints have trode by faith,  
And prayer, night and day.

Tho' none of their dislik'd escapes  
Must be a rule to thee,

Yet follow them in all the steps  
Wherein they follow me.

And, while my under-shepherds tents  
Are kept in good repair,

Attend them still; for Heav'n presents  
My choicest dainties there.

These holy ordinances are

The pastures of my grace:

There feast thyself; nor thence debar

Thy little tender race.

Bring children, servants, all thy kids  
Along, to feed with thee;

Thy Lord all comers welcome bids  
In offers full and free.

Make

Make all within thy charge to haunt  
 These goodly tents of mine ;  
 For there my feasts of love I grant,  
 To nourish thee and thine.

Thus, that thy feet no more appear  
 With other flocks to roam :  
 In these my best inclosures here,  
 Stay, till I bring thee home.

Verse 9. *I have compared thee \*, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.*

My love, on whom the stream unspent  
 Of my affection flows :  
 Mine ears have heard thy heavy 'plaint  
 About thy haughty foes:

But they shall know to their remorse,  
 Their war had better be  
 To fight with Pharaoh's chariot horse,  
 Than dare to fight with thee.

To that well harness'd stately rout  
 I have thy strength compar'd ;  
 Because my armour round about  
 Is thy defensive guard.

Thou mayst contemn the burnisht spear,  
 When brandisht in the field ;  
 As warlike horses laugh at fear,  
 And mock the glitt'ring shield.

This wing'd array more swiftly damps  
 The foes that thee defy,  
 Than conqu'ring chariots thro' the camps  
 On thund'ring wheels that fly.

\* Or made thee like to.

Weak

Weak in thyself thou art, but well  
In me resides thy might :  
Therefore, the pow'rs of earth and hell  
Need never thee affright.

Verse 10. *Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,  
thy neck with chains of gold.*

My love, I heard thee also moan  
Thy beauty marr'd and spilt ;  
And stile thyself a lothsome one,  
Deform'd with sin and guilt.

But as my blood does counterpoise,  
And all thy guilt displace ;  
So jewel-graces, golden-joys  
Do beautify thy face.

Each virtue that thy dress bespeaks  
Doth thee more richly deck,  
Than rows of gems adorn the cheeks,  
Or chains of gold the neck.

An order just thy graces do  
Like ev'nly rows maintain ;  
By mutual close connection too,  
They're link'd as in a chain.

Thou hast thy royal Lord to thank.  
That thee a moor betroth'd ;  
And then conform to highest rank,  
With gold and jewels cloth'd

To make thy cheeks and neck so fair,  
Mine gave I to the stroke ;  
My cheeks to them that pluckt the hair,  
My neck to justice' block.



Verse 11. *We will make \* thee borders of gold with studs of silver.*

Object not, saying, How shall I  
     So weak, so black a swain  
 Such beauties in **JEHOVAH'S** eye,  
     Or furnish, or maintain?

For with united pow'r divine,  
     We, Father, Son, and Sp'rit,  
 Do stand engag'd thee to refine,  
     And make thy form complete.

Keep thou no finite pow'rs in view,  
     To grace and deck thee thus;  
 Creation work, both old and new,  
     Belongs to none but Us.

We'll make thee yet more radiant gems  
     Of grace without thine aid,  
 To fence thy robe, like golden hems  
     With silver studs inlaid.

Thy growing grace shall thrive, and bear  
     A perfect crop at length;  
 Yet by no might within thy sphere,  
     But Our concurring strength.

Thy gold and silver ornament  
     Must strong and lasting prove;  
 For lo, it is the pow'rful vent  
     Of Our eternal love.

Of old, the good, the great **Three-one**,  
     Did jointly take thy part;

Thy naked soul We thought upon,  
     With pity in Our heart.

\* The word used for making man at first, Gen. i. 6.



We held a council for thy good,  
Where I, without a sob,  
Did chuse a vesture dipt in blood,  
To buy thy golden robe.

**The CHURCH's Words.**

*Verse 12. While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*

Lo! Zion's king array'd in state,  
And love his lustring vest,  
Makes ample grace his royal treat,  
And me his welcome guest.

When this his splendid table-head  
Is with his presence crown'd,  
My graces then like spikenard spread  
Their grateful odours round.

With joyful heart I smile and sing,  
Each grace doth raise and run ;  
As languid plants revive and spring  
In presence of the sun.

If he withdraw, they fade and faint,  
Their vigour is restrain'd ;  
But, by his sweet return, their scent  
And favour is regain'd.

While at his royal feast he sits,  
Such verdure fresh is giv'n,  
That ev'ry sprig of grace emits  
A fragrant smell of heav'n.

My glad affections leap and dance,  
When with a smiling face,  
The King does spread and countenance  
The table of his grace.

Verse 13. *A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.*

No wonder that my spikenard smells

So sweetly when he comes;

His love, that casts the scent, excels

The choiest of perfumes.

Faith, love, and joy begin to stir,

And spread their odours high,

When Jesus, like a bunch of myrrh

Does in my bosom lie.

From this infolded bundle flies

His favour all abroad;

Such complicated sweetness lies

In my incarnate God.

Abundant virtue here I see

To ev'ry case adapt;

The fulness of a Deity

Is in the bundle wrapt.

Yea, in my well-beloved Lord

This Plenitude divine,

Is for my use and comfort stor'd;

For he himself is mine.

And has he deign'd thus from above

To shew his glorious charms?

I'll hold him fast by faith and love,

As in my folded arms.

My heart and bosom, where he rests,

No other love shall know;

There he embrac'd shall lie, while lasts

The night of sin and woe.

This sweet repose shall wear away

The shadows of the night.

Until

Until the dawning of the day  
Of everlasting light.

Verse 14. *My beloved is unto me, as a cluster of  
camphire \* in the vineyards of En-gedi.*

My best belov'd, to whom the wings  
Of my affections flee,  
Is sweeter than the sweetest things  
Of heav'n and earth to me.

In vineyards fair of En-gedi  
Are camphire clusters sweet:  
How infinitely more is he,  
In whom I am complete?

When sin and wrath my conscience press,  
He standeth for my good,  
A cluster full of righteousness,  
and wrath appeasing blood.

Still fresh in view, I may design  
His dying love to me,  
Like myrrh and camphire, sweet and fine,  
New bleeding from the tree.

By faith I eat the cluster prest,  
And drink the blood he spilt:  
Of all love-banquets, here's the best,  
*Atonement for my guilt.*

To me this bleeding love of his  
Shall ever precious be;  
Whatever he to others is,  
He's all in all to me.

\* *Copher*, the same word that signifies an *atone-  
ment* or *propitiation*.

*A Paraphrase on*  
CHRIST's Words.

Verse 15. *Behold, thou art fair my love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.*

What! is thy heart a bed of rest,  
A room reserv'd for me?

Behold, I come to be thy guest,  
And vent my heart to thee.

My truth, that can't the false decoy  
Of flatt'ring lips approve,  
Asserts to elevate thy joy,  
Thou art my pleasant love.

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair,  
Twice, fair thou art, I say;  
My righteousness and graces are  
Thy double bright array.

Tho' thou a spotted leopard,  
And black thyself dost see;  
Yet, as a mark, of my regard,  
I'll see no spot in thee.

When to a dog of no avail  
Thou humbly dost compare,  
And call thyself a mass of hell,  
Eyn then I call thee fair.

But since thy faith can hardly own  
My beauty put on thee;  
Behold! behold! twice be it known,  
Thou art all fair in me.

I see the beauty of the dove  
Within thy soul that lies;  
Affections there exactly move,  
Like turtles charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure and chaste.  
And faithful to their mate;  
On me alone they fix and rest,  
And all my rivals hate.

**The CHURCH's Words.**

Verse 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant:—*

What wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,  
That stoopest thus so low,  
To put thy beauty on a worm,  
And then commend it so?

What! dost thou praise a native black?  
I blush to find it true:

O lend me words, to render back  
The praise to whom 'tis due.

Lo! my beloved, thou, ev'n thou  
Art infinitely fair;

Yea, altogether pleasant too,  
And sweet beyond compare.

All comeliness divine in thee  
Most gloriously does shine;

What beauty thou commends in me,  
Is but the shade of thine.

Dost thou applaud the little stream  
That from thy fulness rose?

How highly then should I esteem  
The fountain whence it flows!

How shall I thee extol, my God?  
It shames me to be mute,

When thou exalts a lothsome clod,  
Wrapt in a borrow'd suit.

But



But who, alas! can words invent,  
 To magnify thy grace?  
 Seraphic pencils cannot paint  
 The beauties of thy face.

May my delighted eye still gaze  
 On charming pleasures here;  
 And what I cannot loudly praise,  
 I'll silently admire

— *Also our bed is green.*

How can my tongue the favours hide  
 That thus my heart attach?  
 For never was a worthless bride  
 So happy in her match.

Besides, his personage so great,  
 His equipage is fine;  
 His furniture and bed of state,  
 For fellowship divine.

When here his love abroad is shed,  
 My soul, his chearful guest,  
 Sleeps in his arms, as in a bed  
 Of holy joy and rest.

If wisdom in a mystery  
 Will Heav'n to hell betroth,  
 Th' ensuing miracle must be  
 One bed to serve us both.

What kindness here he does avouch,  
 No mortal tongue can tell:  
 The heir of heav'n has made a couch  
 To hug an heir of hell.

Lo, this our bed of sweet solace,  
 Green like the verdant field,

Abundant

Abundant fruits of holiness  
Does by his blessing yield.

To deck our bed of nuptial loves,  
Buds of the spring convene;  
My pregnant soul so fertile proves,  
I'm like an olive green.

Fair blossoms of indulgent grace  
That shade the temple round,  
With lively verdure paint the place,  
And spread the holy ground.

Verse 17. *The beams of our house are cedar, and our  
rafters \* of fir †*

Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,  
Within our royal court:  
For there the blessing God commands,  
There is his lov'd resort.

Our stately dwelling-house excels  
The seats of mortal kings;  
Whose pompous courts are nothing else  
But specious empty things.

Their gaudy grandeur shrinks away  
Within their with'ring bow'rs;  
No gilded house of mould'ring clay  
Is sure and strong like ours.

The holy cov'nant Heav'n commands  
With promises of note;  
By which our house compacted stands  
Are beams that never rot.

No cedar-wood from Lebanon,  
Nor fir so firm endures,

As

\* Or galleries.

† Or cypress.

As these our rafters, which his own  
Almighty pow'r secures.

Thus stablisht, even our lower courts  
Defy the gates of hell;  
For everlasting strength supports  
The dome wherein we dwell.

In precious cypress gall'ries here  
We walk along in state;  
Such are the ordinances dear  
Of my imperial mate.

In these sweet mansions of his grace,  
I'll walk with great delight,  
Till he prepare a nobler place,  
To walk with him in white.

## CH A P. II.

### C H R I S T ' s Words.

Verse 1. *I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.*

**S**UCH tainted air from Adam's bow'r  
O'er curst mankind blows,  
That no green bed, nor sav'ry flow'r,  
In nature's desert grows.

Thou then that sings the verdant bed,  
Adorn'd with flow'rs of grace;  
Come see the rose and lily spread,  
That thus perfumes the place.

I Jesus, am the fragrant rose,  
That healing odours yields;  
And free for common profit grows,  
In Sharon's open fields.

That

That all who please, may freely come,  
Of lapsed human race;  
And share the fanative perfume,  
That suits their sickly case.

My bleeding love so oft exprest  
To guilty sinners, shows  
A beauty in my bloody vest,  
Beyond the ruddy rose.

Should I to comely flow'rs compare  
The beauties of my face,  
Roses and lilies, red and fair,  
Would strive in it for place.

But what's my common paint, cast o'er  
The blossoms of the field?

Tho' Solomon in all his glory  
Must to their splendor yield.

Their comely form but serves to foil  
The flow'r of flow'rs above,  
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly soil,  
My Father's fervent love;

Who thence the lily did translate  
To valleys here below,

That virtue from my humbled state  
To sinful worms might flow:

And that in vales of misery  
When with'ring comforts fail,

The rose of heav'n might also be  
The lily of the vale.

*Verse 2. As the lily, among the thorns, so is my love  
among the daughters.*

While I the rose and lily fair,  
Join'd, as my title claim,

My

My love, the bride, must have a share  
Of my enamel'd name.

Mine image, she so harmless bears  
Amidst a furious broil;

She as a lily fair appears  
Ev'n in a thorny soil.

Among the daughters of despite,  
The offspring of the earth,  
Her lily form so lovely white,  
Shews her superior birth.

Beset with briers that pierce and pain,  
Yet precious in my view,  
She pure and harmless does remain  
Among the noxious crew.

The whole of Satan's children are  
A field of hurtful thorns,  
Enrag'd by hell to scratch and mar  
The flow'r, that heav'n adorns.

But I'll provide in this turmoil  
My lily with a shield;  
And afterward a better soil,  
My glorious azure field.

The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 3. *As the apple-tree among the trees of the  
Wood, so is my beloved among the sons.—*

My dearest Lord has won my heart  
With his mellifluous \* tongue,  
That gives unworthy me a part,  
Both in his name and song.

\* Sweetly eloquent.

He



He to my need his names doth suit,  
As if he could not be  
A rose and lily of repute,  
Without adorning me.  
His fav'ry titles thus made known,  
In such endearing ways,  
As wrap my name within his own,  
Provoke my heart to praise.  
Awake, my soul, commend his grace,  
And sing the living tree,  
Who by such apples of solace  
Commends himself to thee.  
Above the daughters of the earth  
Does he extol my name;  
Above the sons of higher birth  
I will his praise proclaim.  
As garden apple-trees excel  
The forest's barren race,  
So shines my Lord o'er mortals' all,  
With a superior grace.  
His fruit so sweet, his form so fair,  
His healing leaves so broad;  
This tree of life bears no compare  
With sons of men, or God.  
Created shrubs, wild gourds begone,  
I climb a higher tree:  
Jesus, the living God, alone  
Yields shade and sap to me.  
*--I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and  
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*  
What fool soever disagrees,  
My sweet experience proves,

D

That

That Jesus is the tree of trees,  
Among a thousand groves.  
From paradise, wherein he grows,  
He spreads his branches vast,  
To give sweet shade for my repose,  
Sweet fruit for my repast.  
When sore fatigu'd, I sat by faith  
Beneath his cooling shade,  
Skreen'd from the heat of scorching wrath,  
My shelter'd soul was glad.  
The shadow of his righteousness,  
The covert of his blood,  
When conscious guilt and dread oppress,  
A happy peace conclude.  
This shadow shields me from the fire  
That strikes the dread and awe,  
Of flaming heav'n's incensed ire,  
And Sinai's fiery law.  
Such shelter this thick shade imparts,  
That no temptation fierce,  
No feather'd shafts, nor fiery darts,  
Can once the shadow pierce.  
When Christ my skreen is interpos'd  
Between the flames and me,  
My joyful heart and lips unclos'd  
Adore the glorious tree.  
No mortal tongue can speak the bliss  
That in his shade is giv'n;  
For then I'm safe from all distress  
And taste an early heav'n.  
The tree does with immortal food  
My fainting soul solace,

With

With fruits, the purchase of his blood,  
The apples of his grace.

O here's the tree of life, that gives

The virtue sinners need,  
Enliv'ning fruit, and healing leaves,  
To raise and cure the dead.

Pardons, and promises, and joys

Upon his branches grow;  
Which, bending down with gentle poise,  
Unload themselves below.

Laden with grace, his fruit he drops,

And spreads my table o'er,  
To please my taste, and feed my hopes,  
Until I feast in glore.

Verse. 4. *He brought me to the banquetting house \*,  
and his banner over me was love.*

Who but my Lord, the living tree,  
My leader also is,

That brings me near to taste and see  
This love and grace of his?

Because my fall, he kindly thought,

Did nature's pow'r displace:

To his wine-cellars I was brought

By his almighty grace.

Brought from his garden, to his house,

To taste more joy divine;

From sipping of the apple-juice,

To drink the spiced wine.

With sweet and ravishing solace

My soul was feasted there,

\* Or, house of wine.

In ordinances of his grace  
The house of his repair.  
And lo! the royal flag display'd,  
Dy'd with the bleeding vine,  
Along my solemn entrance led  
Into his house of wine.  
With flying colours did I move,  
And march triumphantly;  
For then was love, victorious love,  
His banner lifted high.  
This signal of his grace adorn'd  
That stately march of mine;  
And for my entertainment turn'd  
My water into wine.  
Love's conqu'ring flag for war so near,  
Did all my sins subdue;  
Love led the van, love fenc'd the rear,  
Love dash'd the hellish crew.  
My fainting heart was giving o'er,  
Till with his ensign spread,  
My standard-bearer went before,  
And all the furies fled.  
Soul now to arms; love fights and wins  
This banner guards my life;  
Almighty love will slay my sins,  
And end the bloody strife.  
Still therefore to pursue the chase,  
'Till I triumph above;  
I'll mind the banquet of his grace,  
The banner of his love.  
With love he march'd, with love he led,  
With love he arm'd my breast;  
With

With love he drew, with love he fed,  
With love he crown'd the feast.

Verse 5. *Stay* \* *me with flagons, comfort* † *me with apples : for I am sick of love.*

Lo! while my mem'ry does review  
His matchless bleeding love;

My spirit falls a bleeding too,  
My bowels melt and move.

O ye whose office is to bear  
The vessels of his grace;

Bring flagons full of comfort here,  
And apples of solace.

Large vessels fetch without delay,  
With cordials from above:

Haste ere my spirits swoon away;  
I'm sick, I'm sick of love.

I'm overcome, I faint, I fail,  
'Till love shall love relieve:

More love divine the wound can heal,  
That love divine did give.

The *agent* Christ alone I view,  
Tho' now my soul that faints,

In sickness raves of aid from you,  
That are but *instruments*.

Fill out the wine my Lord did bleed  
To stay and strengthen me:

The deeper in his love I wade,  
The sweeter still is he.

\* Here the verbs are in the plural number, *Stay ye me, comfort ye me.* † *Straw me.*



*Straw me with apples all along;*

    Their taste does so surprise,

I'd ly and roll myself among

    These fruits of paradise.

Support this sinking heart of mine

    Beneath a weight of love,

With living fruit, and gen'rous wine

    From azure fields above.

I cannot surfeit here, nor fust,

    Ev'n tho' my cup run o'er;

But feed on hunger, drink on thirst,

    And covet always more.

New feasts of love I seek, to free

    And give love-sickness ease;

How can I lothe what sickens me,

    So sweet is my disease?

The love, the love that I bespeak,

    Does wonders in my soul:

For when I'm whole, it makes me sick;

    When sick, it makes me whole.

More of the joy that makes me faint,

    Would give me present ease:

If more should kill me, I'm content

    To die of that disease.

*Verse 6. His left hand is under my head, and his  
right hand doth embrace me.*

How soon my fainting soul did cry

    For cordials to be brought,

So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,

    With more than I had sought.

I sought wine-flagons, but anon

    The vine drew near to me:

I sought

I sought but apples in my swoon,  
 And lo, I found the tree.  
 When I on servants call'd in vain,  
 My Lord himself with speed  
 Did in his arms of love, amain  
 Uphold my fainting head.  
 My heart's desire is now obtain'd,  
 I have my royal guest,  
 And, by this kind embrace sustain'd,  
 Do in his bosom rest.  
 He does with joys that can't be told  
 My health and strength repair,  
 And both his hands about me hold,  
 To shew his tender care.  
 His left hand for my support he  
 Beneath my head doth place;  
 And for my comfort lendeth me  
 His right hand's soft embrace.  
 His presence brings a plenteous show'r  
 Of blessings from above:  
 For now I'm guarded with his pow'r.  
 And girded with his love.  
 For my solace, 'gainst sin and death,  
 I feel his heav'nly charms,  
 And for my safety underneath  
 His everlasting arms.

Verse 7. *I charge you* \*, *O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love* †, *till he please.*

Immor-

\* Heb. *Adjure ye*

† The word *my* is a supplement, and the word  
 love

Immortal love, her rest and room

Does in my bosom take;

Woe to the fury that shall come

This joyful rest to break.

Soon as the tim'rous hinds and roes

Are scar'd from sleep and rest,

Would earth and hell this sweet repose

Maliciously infest.

O Salem's daughters, then I pray,

And charge you stand in awe

To waken love, or do what may

Make Jesus to withdraw.

Yea, all about me I adjure,

Professors and profane,

Excepting neither rich nor poor,

The sov'reign nor the swain;

By pleasant roes and loving hinds,

Affections emblem meet;

By all that's dear to loving minds,

And ev'ry thing that's sweet;

By all that's lovely in your eyes

I earnestly obtest,

Since Jesus in my bosom yes,

Ye may not mar his rest.

Begone, sin, Satan, earthly toys,

Far be ye from my heart;

Approach not to disturb my joys.

Nor cause my Lord depart,

*love is in the feminine gender. She speaks of Christ as that love eminently, or love in the abstract; the original runs, that ye stir not up, nor awake love, till it please,*

His

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,

My happy hour is this;

Why should ye prove such cursed foes

To interrupt my blifs?

My glorious Lord now sleeps within

Mine arms of faith and love;

I charge myself, my heart, my sin,

Not once to stir nor move.

He may as sov'reign countermand

The signals of his grace;

But never let a sinful hand

Of mine eclipse his face.

Let not deceitful lusts attend

To rob me of his charms;

Nor cursed unbelief, to rend

My love out of mine arms.

I all the spawn of hell explode,

That would his rest annoy;

O may I never grieve my God,

Nor sin away my joy.

Verse 8. *The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh  
leaping upon \* the mountains, skipping upon the  
hills.*

Sweet was the rest, but short the stay

Of Jesus my belov'd,

Who lately in my bosom lay,

But instantly remov'd.

Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare

The freedom of his charms,

\* Or, over.

By

By slipping off, amidst my care  
To hold him in mine arms.  
Great hills, alas! now interveen  
Betwixt my Lord and me;  
His voice unheard, his face unseen;  
Stop, stop, I hear, I see.  
The voice of my beloved sounds,  
I know the charming lyre;  
No mortal voice so sweetly wounds  
And ravishes mine ear,  
I hear the voice, I feel the dart,  
My breast begins to burn:  
The joyful sound revives my heart  
With hopes of his return.  
In's volume, *Lo, I come*, said he;   
And now I see him move  
In solemn triumph towards me,  
On wings of wond'rous love.  
His coming in the flesh I view,  
Glad heav'n his march attends:  
And coming in the spirit too  
For lo, the love descends.  
Dark shades adieu, bright morning springs,  
Behold the gilded sphere!  
Incarnate love's perfumed wings  
Now cleave the shady air.  
He, over hills and mountains high,  
Comes flying on the clouds,  
In stately pomp advancing nigh  
Thro' all opposing crouds.



Of principalities and pow'rs  
He makes an open shew;  
Down, in his march, he throws the tow'rs  
Of hell's outrageous crew.  
He skips o'er rocks without delay,  
Nor tarries he to climb;  
For hills and mountains in the way  
Are but a leap to him.  
O'er heaps of sin to run he deigns,  
O'er hills of guilt to flee:  
Nor death, nor hell, nor wrath restrains  
His loving march to me.

Verse 9. *My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart...*

When faith itself could hardly see,  
What pow'r could ever pave  
The rocky mountains whereon he  
Must come to seek and save;  
When manifold obstructions met,  
My loving Jesus made  
A stepping stone of ev'ry let  
That in his way was laid.  
O'er hills of sin and vales of grief,  
O'er mountains, rocks, and seas,  
For my salvation and relief  
He runs, he leaps, he flies.  
O'er every Bether, high, and low,  
That him and me did part,  
He marches like the bounding roe  
Or loving youthful hart.

To manifest that his delights

Were with the sons of men,

He hastens to restore their rights,

And rife Satan's den.

No doubt remains of his good-will,

Whose speedy march does prove

His joyful fondness to fulfil

His purposes of love.

When heinous trespasses of mine

Make me conclude that he

Will never any more incline

Again to visit me.

And yet I see him hasting near,

And smiling in my face;

How can I but adore, admire,

And magnify his grace?

— Behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh  
forth \* at the windows, shewing † himself thro'  
the lattices.

Come, friends, admire how he renews

The visits of his grace,

And in what various forms he shews

The beauties of his face.

His darkest ways will prove him kind;

For when he hides at all,

He goes not far, but stands behind

Our own partition-wall.

Tho' we, alas! do build up high

The hiding wall of sin:

\* Or rather looketh in:

† Flourishing.

Yet he behind, it very nigh,  
Stands ready to come in.

His feet no rest can elsewhere take,  
But skipping, leaping, move,  
Till me the resting-place he make,  
And centre of his love.

And tho', while in this distant place,  
This vale of sin and thrall;  
There's still between me and his face  
A thick, a dark'ning wall;

Yet distance alters not his love,  
Nor ought abates his care,  
Which force him thro' the wall to move,  
And make a window there:

That there as thro' a window-glass  
However dark and dim,  
His eye of love to me may pass,  
Mine eye of faith to him.

Thro' latefles that light divide,  
Thro' glorious gospel-lines,  
A vail of flesh, a pierced side,  
His love, his beauty shines.

Thus, like a beauteous flow'r in spring,  
He shews himself in state,  
Before the window flourishing,  
And growing thro' the grate.

*Verse 10. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up,  
my love, my fair one, and come away\*.*

When my beloved Jesus nigh  
Did to my soul appear,

\* See Verse 13.

E

His

His matchless beauty charm'd mine eye,  
His gracious words mine ear.

Why, tho' the sweetest favours giv'n  
Are in his felt embrace;

Yet surest intercourse with heav'n  
Is by his word of grace.

I'll therefore sing the words he said,  
And his alluring art,

Who me no silent visit made,  
But spake into my heart.

Thy joyful sound my soul restor'd,  
And heal'd to that degree,

I never will forget his word  
By which he quick'ned me.

“ Rise up, (said he) my pleasant bride,

“ And leave what thee annoys;

“ Lay killing fears and damps aside,

“ And share my quick'ning joys.

“ My love, there is no spot in thee

“ But what my grace shall hide;

“ Thou art, and evermore shalt be

“ My fair and comely bride.

“ And since thou'rt mine by solemn tie,

“ And I'm so fond of thee,

“ It ill becomes thee to be shy,

“ And carry strange to me.

“ Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay?

“ Flee from their dying arms;

“ Haste to my bosom, come away,

“ And share immortal charms.

Verse 11. *For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over,  
and gone.*

“ Come love, (said he) for now thy way

“ Is pleasant, safe and plain:

“ Behold a fair inviting day,

“ And heaven above serene.

“ Fear not the storm; for, ere I gave

“ The gracious call to thee,

“ Fair weather I commanded have,

“ And calm'd the raging sea.

“ Thou hast no dang'rous winter-flight,

“ No drop of wrath to dread;

“ The storm did with a vengeance light

“ Down on thy surety's head.

“ So full did I my charge perform

“ Once in thy room and place,

“ That now no killing wrathful storm

“ Can blow upon thy face.

“ Tempestuous wrath and death is past,

“ Stern justice is appeas'd;

“ Since I courageous bore the blast,

“ All heav'n is fully pleas'd.

“ I call thee not to fight and bleed,

“ But, free of pain and toil,

“ To follow thy victorious head,

“ And gather in the spoil.

“ Yea, winter of desertion's past,

“ And rain of trouble o'er,

“ While by my presence now thou hast

“ An antepast \* of glore.

\* Or foretaste.



*Vcrse 12. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing \* of birds is come.-----*

- “ Come, come; for now, beloved bride  
 “ By warming beams of grace,  
 “ The youthful spring with flow’ry pride  
 “ Looks smiling in thy face.  
 “ See lapsed nature’s cursed earth,  
 “ Nipt with a winter-fall,  
 “ Now blest’d with buds of heav’nly birth,  
 “ And flow’rs around the ball.  
 “ See Adam’s dry and blasted root,  
 “ Where briars and thorns were rife,  
 “ Now bud and bear unfading fruit  
 “ Unto immortal life.  
 “ Lo, heav’n appears upon the ground  
 “ Where hell grew up apace;  
 “ While earthly hearts do now abound  
 “ With heav’nly flow’rs of grace.  
 “ The fading trees of righteousness,  
 “ Resume their fruitful life,  
 “ While I the branches lop and drefs,  
 “ And blefs the pruning knife.  
 “ The present time of peaceful spring,  
 “ From wint’ry blusters free,  
 “ Invite the heav’nly birds to sing  
 “ Upon the living tree.

*—And the voice of the turtle † is heard in our land.*

\* Heb. *The time of singing is come.* The word rendered *singing*, signifies also to *prune* or *crop*.

† By the turtle some understand the *Spirit*, some the *bride*.

“ Lo,

- “ Lo, now is heard the heav’nly dove,  
“ The sacred turtle’s voice;  
“ The joyful sound of grace and love  
“ Makes drooping hearts rejoice.  
“ Resounding echoes thro’ the plain  
“ From all my little doves,  
“ That in the valley’s mourn amain,  
“ Melodious music proves.  
“ Their hearts that could not joy nor mourn,  
“ So close bound up and pent  
“ Have now, upon their Lord’s return,  
“ A joyful, mournful vent.  
“ As loving friends long distant do  
“ Most joyful meet their wish,  
“ Whose sorrows during absence, now  
“ Dissolving, bleed afresh.  
“ So wrestling tribes in chearful mones  
“ Their Lord approaching wait,  
“ With joyful hearts, yet mournful tones,  
“ As turtles meet their mate.  
“ Sweet sounds, alluring all that list,  
“ Are heard on every hand,  
“ Around the field that I have blest,  
“ And stil’d *Immanuel’s land.*

Verse 13. *The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,  
and the vines with the tender grape give a good  
smell.——*

- “ Now, now is the accepted time,  
“ When heav’nly plants of grace  
“ All pressing forward to their prime,  
“ And thriving, grow apace.

- " The figs, tho' yet unripe for meat,  
     " Appear in green array;  
 " Young grapes unripe for drink, yet sweet  
     " And sav'ry scents convey.  
 " With joy the early sprigs I see,  
     " The young and tender race;  
 " And view with pleasure in mine eye  
     " The smallest buds of grace.  
 " Yea, lo, the well-advanced spring  
     " Does in abundance now  
 " Not only flow'rs for pleasure bring,  
     " But fruits for profit too.  
 " The living vine incessant does  
     " To ev'ry branch dispense  
 " Most sweet and odorif'rous juice,  
     " From streams of hell to fence.  
 " Are serpents said to flee the smell  
     " Of vines, with fear and dread?  
 " Perfumes of heav'ns true vine repel  
     " Th' old serpent and his seed.

*.... Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away \*.*

- " Rise, drooping bride, while spring so sweet,  
     " In place of winter snell,  
 " Does thus by various charms invite,  
     " Thine eyes, and ears, and smell.  
 " Fair love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,  
     " 'Tis thee I'm loth to want;  
 " Come to thy heav'nly mate, and bid  
     " All earthly loves avaunt.

\* See Verse 10.

- “ Thy company and love to gain  
 “ I am so strongly bent,  
 “ I’ll still insist till I obtain  
 “ Thy full and free consent.  
 “ Haste to mine arms; for, didst thou move,  
 “ As I’m to thee inclin’d.  
 “ Thy heart would on the wings of love  
 “ Outfly the hasty wind.

Verse 14. *O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock,  
 in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy coun-  
 tenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice,  
 and thy countenance is comely.*

- “ My dove, that in the lofty rock  
 “ Art wont to nestle high,  
 “ And to my wounds, when storms provoke,  
 “ As shelt’ring holes to fly;  
 “ In secret corners wont to vent  
 “ Thy heart to me alone,  
 “ Kindly to pour thy heavy ’plaint,  
 “ And make thy humble mone:  
 “ O why dost thou, that built so high,  
 “ At ev’ry threatening shock,  
 “ So tim’rous now for shelter fly  
 “ To any lower rock?  
 “ Why, frightened from thy lofty nest,  
 “ To lurking holes and clefts  
 “ Dost take, with shame and fear oppress’d,  
 “ Such vain and sorry shifts?  
 “ Look up, my dove; nor blush, nor fear  
 “ Thy heav’nly mate to face,  
 “ Who wills thee boldly to appear  
 “ Before his throne of grace.

“ Lift

- " Lift voice and count'nance both upright  
   " With confidence to me;  
 " And let thy voice mine ears delight,  
   " Thy countenance mine eye.  
 " For sweet's thy voice of pray'r and praise,  
   " Which please me more to hear,  
 " Than ever choice melodious lays  
   " Could charm a mortal ear.  
 " Thy humblest mournful notes, my dove,  
   " Excel, in my esteem,  
 " Their highest strains that artful rove  
   " In orat'ry sublime.  
 " Thy countenance is also fair,  
   " And comely in mine eyes;  
 " Tho' earthly minds with scornful air  
   " Thy heav'nly mien despise.  
 " For, while my righteousness complete  
   " Is still thy robe renown'd,  
 " My graces in thy count'nance meet,  
   " And cast their lustre round.

Verse 15. *Take \* us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.*

- " But since my bride's a tim'rous dove,  
   " Soon scar'd and set astray;  
 " Care must be taken to remove  
   " The fright'ning beasts of prey.  
 " Of hurtful foes a hellish brood  
   " Against her peace combines;  
 " As in a vineyard foxes rude  
   " Infest the feeble vines,

\* *Take*, in the original, is in the plural number, *Takeye*.

" Let



- " Let all concern'd in her and me  
    " Soon, at our instance seize  
" The foxes great and small they see,  
    " That spoil the rising trees.  
" Ye ministers of my affairs,  
    " My vineyard who attend,  
" I charge you guard against the snares  
    " That do the vines offend.  
" All erring teachers soon descry,  
    " Deceitful workers check ;  
" All false apostles take and try,  
    " Refute, repel, reject.  
" No cunning spoilers slightly mark,  
    " No little foxes spare :  
" For these no small destruction work,  
    " No little mischief share.  
" A little fox soon spoils and rents  
    " Small branches to the stump :  
" A little leaven soon ferments  
    " And leavens all the lump.  
" Our vines have small and tender grapes :  
    " And if the strong, the big  
" With much ado the hurt escapes,  
    " How hardly will the sprig ?  
" Each soul be also taught to catch  
    " Small foxes hid in heart,  
" Vain thoughts, deceitful lusts, that hatch  
    " And gender grievous smart.  
" Their little rising brats destroy,  
    " Their small beginnings hush ;  
" Else they the buds of grace and joy,  
    " The tender branches crush."

Verse

Verse 16. *My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth \* among the lilies †.*

Such were the kindly words he spoke

To give my soul repose;

Such was the order strict he took

With my disturbing foes.

I'll therefore boldly now assert,

While yet he hides his face,

And own his int'rest in my heart,

My int'rest in his grace.

Lo, I am his, and he is mine,

Our titles are involv'd

By mystic union, so divine,

As cannot be dissolv'd.

Our mutual int'rest firm abides,

And will endure for ay;

Hence, tho' behind the shade he hides,

He is not far away.

Tho' heav'n the noblest banquet yields,

Among his flow'rs above;

Yet here amidst his lily fields

He keeps his feasts of love.

'Mong saints whose robes are lily-white,

By washing in his blood,

To grace the feast is his delight,

His meat and drink and food.

With loving care his flock he feeds,

Upon the fattest place,

Among the fairest lily-beds,

The pastures of his grace.

\* *Viz.* Himself or his people.

† His people or his ordinances.

By

By *faith* I wait my proper share,  
 When nought by *sense* I see;  
 And argue from his past'ral care  
 His loving mind to me.

Verse 17 \* *Until the day break †, and the shadows  
 flee away:---*

Among the lilies here below  
 My Lord will feed and stay,  
 Until eternal day shall blow  
 Time's shady night away.

Still therefore rays of joy remain,  
 Tho' damp't with clouds of fear;  
 Until he cleave the starry plain,  
 And on the clouds appear.

Did saints of old, when wrapt in night,  
 Believing, hope to see  
 Incarnate love's substantial light  
 Make legal shadows flee?

'Tis done; and now the brighter sky  
 Makes gospel-grace the pawn,  
 That all remaining shades shall die,  
 And sink in glory's dawn.

Her fiery wheels with speedy flight  
 Shall o'er the shades be hurl'd,  
 And deluges of dawning light  
 Q'erspread the dusky world.

*Let there be light*, once more he'll say;  
 Who first did gild the ball:  
 Then up shall rise the endless day,  
 And down the shadows fall.

\* These words are applicable either to the pre-  
 ceding or following. † Breathe or blow.

Darkness

Darkness, the change, *no more to be*,  
 Shall hear, and soon obey,  
 And clouds of sin and sorrow flee  
 Before the rising day.

The long dark nights that kept the field,  
 And domineer'd with might,  
 Shall then resign their place, and yield  
 To everlasting light.

Ev'n ordinances sweet shall pass,  
 Which darkly shew him here;  
 For then he'll break the looking-glass,  
 And face to face appear.

Welcome, the great, the glorious store;  
 Adieu, sweet, little pawns:

I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,  
 When glory's morning dawns.

*---Turn \* my beloved, and be thou like a roe, or a  
 young hart upon the mountains of Bether †.*

Kind Lord, till this bright morn appear  
 To my eternal bliss,  
 Till dusky shadows all retire  
 And work no more distress:

Turn, till this glorious break of day,  
 O turn to me thy face,  
 While in thy shady vale I stay,  
 Deny me not thy grace.

While circling woes depress my soul  
 To various darksome urns:  
 Let circling mercies round me roll,  
 By various kind returns.

*\* As in a circuit. † Or of division.*

O'er

O'er hills of sin, and guilt, and woe,  
That place us far apart,  
Come marching like the bounding roe,  
Or loving youthful hart.

O'er mountains to their mates they move,  
They skip, they leap, they flee;  
With equal ease, and speed, and love  
Haste o'er the hills to me.

Tho' justly thou retire and hide,  
Thy favour stands unmov'd;  
I'll therefore own I am thy bride,  
And thou art my belov'd.

Hence shall dividing hills and rents  
Between my soul and thee,  
Be to my faith but arguments  
To haste thy march to me.

Let mighty hills, o'er which to go  
Defies my feeble limbs,  
Enhance the glory of the roe  
That rocks and mountains climbs.

Difficulties so huge to me  
I never can remove,  
Be but occasions fair to thee  
To shew thine active love.

Let rising mountains haste the view  
Of all-surmounting might:  
And ev'ning shades, the falling dew  
Of love, till morning-light.



## C H A P. III.

## The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 1. *By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.*

W H E N shadows dark, and mountains  
With stern united might, [high,  
Conspir'd to hide him from mine eye  
Whose absence is my night :

Upon my drowsy bed alone,  
Amidst my slumbers tost,  
I sought him, but my slothful mone  
And lazy labour lost.

Love acting such a languid part,  
I felt a strange disease,  
An absent Lord, a careless heart,  
And rest without release.

Justly the darling of my soul,  
Still rolling in my mind,  
Did my dull suit again controul;  
I sought, but could not find.

Verse 2. *I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.*

Since my beloved won't be found  
In such a sleepy road,  
I'll rouse, and rise, and go around,  
The city of my God.

More life and vigour than before,  
Thro' grace, I will display;

And

And in my search frequent no more  
This lazy, formal way.

But, shaking off my drowsy chains,  
About his courts I'll move,  
With more activity and pains,  
To seek my dearest love.

I'll ev'ry secret corner trace,  
And search the public street,  
The ordinances of his grace,  
'Till I my Saviour meet.

In mere resolves I did not sit,  
But fought him here and there ;  
Yet, ah, the God of Jacob mist  
Ev'n in the house of pray'r.

So much did former laziness  
To present loss recound,  
That in the most devout address  
He was not to be found.

Verse 3. *The watchmen that go about the city, found me ; to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth ?*

Then was I (while I roam'd abroad)  
By faithful watchmen found,  
Who in the city of their God  
Perform'd their painful round.

To whom I cry'd, with great respect,  
" Ye pilots of the blind,

" Can ye my wand'ring steps direct,  
" My dearest love to find ?

" I hope, ye who with heav'nly art,  
" Still tread the holy ground

- " Well know the darling of my heart,  
     " And where he may be found.  
 " When my belov'd is hid from you,  
     " What paths, what means of grace,  
 " What course do ye yourselves pursue,  
     " To see his lovely face?  
 " Tell me, ye watchmen of the night,  
     " I pray you, tell me where  
 " Did ye espy my soul's delight?  
     " That I may seek him there.  
 " O happy stars, if ye might be  
     " My guides to Jesus now!  
 " Seers, did ye my Saviour see?  
     " Pray tell me where, and how?"

But, ah, no lips of saints or priest  
     My present 'plaint could stay;  
 All were but dry and empty breasts,  
     While Jesus was away.

My teachers left me still in doubt,  
     While he with-held his grace:  
 Ev'n when their doctrine found me out,  
     And touch'd my very case.

Tho' public means no present stop  
     Put to my bleeding wound;  
 Yet, lo, the healing dew they drop,  
     I soon in private found.

*Verse 4. It was but a little that I passed from them,  
 but I found him whom my soul loveth.—*

When public ordinances fail'd  
     In easing my complaints;

When

When little to my help avail'd,  
Or ministers or faints:

When means and duties nought could do,  
Tho' useful in their place,  
As open inns, and precious too,  
As sweet canals of grace:

Yet, proving as to success weak,  
Beyond them all I pass,  
A little further step to make,  
And found my love at last.

When outward conduit-pipes could vent  
No drop, to help my need;  
The little step I further went,  
Was to the fountain-head.

For passing thro' the brittle reeds,  
And but a little space:  
And looking o'er the servants heads,  
I saw the Master's face.

My trust in means did from them pass,  
A higher rock to climb:  
But thro' them, as the looking-glass,  
I fixt mine eyes on him.

How soon thro' gospel-telescopes  
Faith did his glory spy;  
Dismissing all inferior hopes,  
My heart pursued mine eye.

I found my soul's beloved chase,  
In all his pleasing charms;  
Then joyful flew to his embrace,  
And graspt him in mine arms

*—I held him, and would not let him go.—*

His presence which by faith and pray'r

I sought so much to gain,

Now, when enjoy'd, with equal care

I labour to retain.

I wept for joy to see his face,

And, like a kindly bride,

Inclos'd him fast in mine embrace,

And prest him to abide.

His presence did such bliss imply,

His absence such a bane;

I now resolv'd that he and I

Should never part again.

I saw his smiling face, where stood

A thousand lovely charms,

And melted down into a flood

Of pleasure in his arms.

And, lighting now on Jacob's road,

Did equal fervour show;

I wept and wrestled with my God,

And would not let him go.

In heat of battle for the bliss

On pleasant Bethel plains,

I held him by his faithfulness,

The girdle of his reins.

And while I made his truth my shield,

His word of grace my stay;

The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,

And could not say me nay.

Of freedom great without offence

Allowing me my fill;

With



With holy, humble violence,  
I won him to my will.

*---Until I had brought him into my mother's house  
and into the chamber of her that conceived me.*

While such a banquet I enjoy'd,  
Such pow'r with God in pray'r,  
My court and moyen I employ'd,  
That others too might share.

Remembring, while I suckt the comb,  
My starving friends in jail;  
I brought him to my mother's home,  
His largeesses to deal;

That all my relatives might taste  
My present wond'rous blifs,  
Who faint with famine in the waste  
And howling wilderiness.

With ardent zeal besought I him,  
To let his blessing fall  
On mystical Jerusalem,  
The mother of us all.

'Tis writ in Zion's infant-roll,  
This man and that man there  
Was born again; and there my soul  
First drew the vital air.

I therefore begg'd, her offspring free  
Might have, with peaceful days,  
The pleasure of his company  
In his approved ways.

His presence to her house I fought,  
Its ruins to repair:

To strengthen what his hands had wrought,  
And shew his glory there.

I pray'd him to my native home,  
As his belov'd resort,

Nor did my Lord refuse to come,  
And grace his sacred court.

For there he fill'd oft to the brim  
My cup of joy, and there  
His love to me, and mine to him,  
Did mutual tokens share.

I found, to my experience glad,  
That, in the wrestling way,  
The God of Jacob never said,  
The seed of Jacob, nay,

*Verse 5. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
by the roes, and by the binds of the field, that ye stir  
not up, nor awake my love, till he please \*.*

My Lord does now his joyful rest  
In Zion's bosom take;

Woe to the sin, th' unwelcome guest,  
This sweet repose shall break.

Ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
That love to him profess,

Take care ye do not lose the gem,  
The joy that ye possess.

While some delight in hinds and roes,  
And from alarms would shield

\* See Chap. ii. 7. the same words, but here they  
relate to Christ's presence in the church, the mother's  
house, that ~~that~~ be not marred.

Their

Their soon disturbed, soft repose,  
Upon the open field.

Shall we awake our dearest love,  
With vain and earthly noise,  
That may provoke him to remove  
And dash our present joys?

If some affect the rural charms  
And pleasures of the field,  
A dearer love is in our arms,  
Than ever earth could yield.

If they their pleasing trifles would  
All undisturb'd enjoy;  
Shan't we our dearest darling hold  
And hug without annoy?

Ye then, that of my mother's house  
The sons and daughters are,  
Be careful, while he stays with us,  
Lest ye the pleasure mar.

While he vouchsafes to be our guest,  
And grace our public inn,  
Let none of us disturb his rest,  
By heav'n-provoking sin.

In love he comes and goes, and so  
May leave his holy hill;  
But woe to us, if off he go  
In wrath, against his will.

His will and pleasure is a law,  
To which we must submit:  
But never tempt him to withdraw,  
Until he judge it fit

## The COMPANION'S Words.

Verse 6. *Who is this \* that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?*

What bride is this, in bright array,  
With precious blessings stor'd,  
That gives us solemn charge to pay  
Such homage to her Lord?

Up from the desert see her move  
And climb the azure skies;  
As from the glowing altars strove  
The smoaky pillars rise.

Her heart inflam'd with holy fire  
In the devoutest mode,  
Adventures boldly to aspire  
Unto the throne of God.

As tow'ring smoke in air serene,  
With stately rising heads,  
Majestic mounts above the plain  
In lofty pyramids:

See how her warm'd affections tow'r  
And with a heav'nly air,  
Contempt on earthly glory pour,  
As worthless of her care.

Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,  
She smells like flow'ry spring,

\* *This here is in the feminine gender, q. d. Who is she that cometh up, &c.*

With

With fav'ry graces, odours meet  
To entertain her king.

No precious powders from afar,  
Of which the merchant boasts,  
Like these her grateful odours are,  
Brought from Immanuel's coasts.

So wond'rous are the charms we spy,  
So rich the 'broider'd robe;  
Her dazzling splendor blinds our eye,  
And blazes o'er the globe.

**The CHURCH's Words.**

Verse 7. *Behold, his bed \*, which is Solomon's, --*

O friends, what mean you, with surprise,  
On mortal me to gaze?  
From borrow'd beauty turn your eyes  
To uncreated rays.

Behold the king magnificent  
Who me so richly clad,  
Whom Solomon the opulent †  
Did typify and shade.

Come, see his equipage prepar'd,  
And ensigns of renown,  
His stately bed, his royal guard,  
His chariot and his crown.

His bed of state in Zion stands,  
Within the royal court:  
For there the blessing heav'n commands,  
There is his lov'd resort.

\* See Chap. i. 16.

† Rich.

There



There, still remains, as prophets vouch,  
And holy scriptures tell,

The heir of heav'n's embroider'd couch  
For hugging heirs of hell.

*This is my rest, here will I stay,*  
In sacred lines he said:

And, till he can his word unsay,  
He'll never change his bed.

'Tis here with pleasure unexpress'd,  
Our mutual loves combine,

On easy downs of holy rest,  
And fellowship divine.

The furniture and cost immense  
About the bed may clear,

An infinitely greater prince  
Than Solomon is here.

*—Threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. Verse 8. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.*

Behold the royal guard, to fence  
His bed on ev'ry side,

To shew the splendor of the prince,  
The safety of the bride.

A num'rous host of nobler knights  
Than Solomon's brigade

Of sixty valiant Israelites  
Around his iv'ry bed.

For, lo, the resting-place to guard  
The hosts of God combine,

Thousands of angels all prepar'd,  
And attributes divine.

The lowest rank that rails the bed  
Are watchmen of the night,  
Who stand as centries in the shade,  
Until the morning light.  
Of these the faithful to their prince  
No naked soldiers are,  
But arm'd complete for bold defence,  
As mighty sons of war.

By long experience skilful grown  
They in the field command,  
And val'rous for the heav'nly crown  
They fight with sword in hand.

The Spirit's sword each ready wears  
Close girded by his side,  
The word of God, to still the fears  
Of Jesus' royal bride.

When nightly dreads her quiet mar,  
Their swords silence the fright,  
And from the holy spot debar  
The terrors of the night.

Yea, Zion's King himself acclaims  
To be her shield and shade;  
His blood, his word, his oath, his names  
Defend the royal bed.

The centry is almighty wings,  
For subsidy \* prepar'd:  
What sleeping couch of earthly kings  
Can boast of such a guard?  
Amidst night-shades that fear suggest  
Amidst menacing † harms,

\* He p or aid.

† Threatning.  
G

They

They lie secure whose bed of rest  
Is strong Immanuel's arms.

Ye that my bright array descry,  
See, see, his guarded bed;

Where I in ease and safety lie,  
Beneath his garment spread.

*Verse 9. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. Verse. 10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being pavea with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.*

Ye that, amaz'd at my ascent,  
Stand gazing to the sky,  
Come see the engine eminent,  
By which I mount so high.

Lo, here, beside the resting place  
And bed to lay me soft,  
Are flying chariot-wheels of grace  
To bear my soul aloft.

Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,  
The King of Zion fam'd  
For his renown, and my release,  
A stately chariot fram'd.

He who for pleasure made the bed,  
For peace who set the guard,  
For solemn pomp and cavalcade  
This glorious engine rear'd.

He, congruous to his old decree,  
For shewing forth his praise,  
A cov'nant firm of promise free  
Did like a chariot raise.

None fram'd of Leb'non's finest wood

By wisest engineers,

Could equal this, so gay, so good,

And firm to endless years.

The pillars thereof, for the ease

And support of the weak,

Are precious silver promises,

That will not bow nor break.

Its bottom is a ground work sure,

Of pure and solid gold,

From bankrupt begg'ry to secure,

From falling thro' t' uphold.

Its cov'ring safe from sin to shroud,

And sure from wrath to hide,

Its purple dye, the scarlet flood

From Jesus' wounded side.

For Salem's race (tho' some pur-blind

Its outside pomp but move)

The midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd

With velvet seats of love.

He who, to shew his kindness fresh,

For human brats abroad,

Came riding in a carr of flesh,

The high, the humble God;

Now for his bride a chariot fair

Of gospel-grace provides;

In which he conqu'ring ev'ry where,

And she triumphing rides.

Verse 11. *Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.*

King Jesus' royalties each one,  
O Zion's daughters, see;  
The bed, the guard, the coach, the crown  
Presented to your eye.

Behold my King, you'll strange the less  
To see my bright array;

'Tis fit I now appear in dress,  
His coronation-day.

Go forth in heart, from earthly toys,  
From Self, that airy thing,  
From sinful pleasures, dying joys,  
And see the living King.

To him whom mother Zion bore,  
The crown does appertain :  
His Father to his mother swore,  
That Solomon should reign.

Behold the King with wonder deep,  
Whose glory cannot fade,  
Jesus through Solomon the type,  
The substance through the shade.

Come see, believe, admire, adore,  
Heav'n-glad'ning homage pay,  
To match his mother's crown he wore  
Upon his nuptial-day.

The day wherein he blest the earth,  
And won his bride apart :  
When she him met with holy mirth;  
And he rejoic'd in heart.

The saints, who do his image bear,  
Proclaim the high renown  
Of Zion's King, who deigns to wear  
Their praises as his crown.

They



They act the fond \* maternal part,  
In joint applauding bands;  
The heav'nly babe form'd in their heart  
Is crown'd with both their hands.

His wedding and his crowning day,  
Their pompous joys unite,  
To pourtray him the lovely way  
Where grace and grandeur meet.

Once bound unto the altar's horns,  
A victim for our dues,  
His head was crown'd with cruel thorns,  
By's mother-church, the Jews.

But pleasures now his pains repay,  
And pomp that suits him well,  
His Father's crown, with sov'reign sway  
O'er heav'n and earth and hell.

C H A P. IV.

CHRIST's Words.

Verse 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.*

**M**Y love, who slighting gaudy fame,  
Dost human praise eschew,  
From zeal to magnify my name,  
And give to me my due:  
Thy name no detriment sustains  
By travail mine to raise;

\* Motherly,

For, lo, I now return thy pains,  
By crowning thee with praise.  
My truth, that can't the false decoy  
Of flatt'ring lips approve,  
Asserts, to animate thy joy,  
Thou art my spotless love.

Lo, thou art fair ; lo, thou art fair,  
Twice fair thou art, I say ;  
My righteousness and graces are  
Thy double bright array.

Tho' thou a spotted leopard,  
And black thyself dost stile ;  
Yet, as a mark of my regard,  
I count thee free of guile.

When to a dog, a mite, a gnat,  
Thou dost thyself compare,  
And call thyself a hellish brat,  
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

Thy trembling faith will scarcely own  
My comeliness on thee ;  
Behold, behold, twice be it known,  
Thou art all fair in me.

I see the beauties of the dove  
That decks without disguise ;  
For there devout affections move,  
Like turtles charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,  
So faithful to their mate :  
On me alone they fix and rest,  
And all my rivals hate.

Thy beauteous eyes, vail'd with thy locks,  
Shew wise sobriety :

And

And heav'nly beauties finest strokes,  
From ostentation free.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats  
On Gilead's stately height,  
Is thine adorning hair, that notes  
Thy gesture shining bright  
No artful curls, no pamper'd hair,  
The pride of mortal clay,  
Can parallel the heav'nly air  
Of thy well order'd way.

*Verse 2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing: whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.*

The world, struck with thy beauty, may  
Believe thy pasture good,  
Did they thy grinders white survey  
That champ the heav'nly food.

Thy teeth, the bread of life that cull,  
And eager eat thy flesh,  
Are acts of faith in number full,  
In nature fair and fresh.

Thy priests, the living bread who break,  
And nurse the babes new born;  
When by an equal law they act,  
Like evenly teeth adorn.

None does his fellow overgrow,  
Wry'd from his proper place;  
But all, as equal grinders, show  
Due pains to feed thy race.

They hold a comely paritie,  
Nor orderless molest,

As

As proud o'ertopping teeth would be  
 Like prelates o'er the rest.  
 Thine active zeal, yet mild doth keep  
 A just equality;  
 Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep,  
 New past the shearer's eye.  
 Thy purity exceeds their fleece  
 Washt in the crystal flood;  
 Thy fruits of holiness and peace  
 Outvie their num'rous brood.  
 There does not in the flock appear  
 One fruitless barren womb:  
 But all by twins their product bear,  
 And lead them bleating home.

*Verse 3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and  
 thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of  
 a pomegranate within thy locks.*

I view'd thy beauteous moving lips,  
 Instructing Salem's race,  
 And dropping purest nectar sips,  
 In fav'ry words of grace.  
 Thence sacred pray'rs and praise proceed,  
 So grateful unto God;  
 Thy lips are like a scarlet threed  
 Dy'd with atoning blood.  
 These balmy lips with pleasing voice  
 Shrill in devotion's path,  
 Salute mine ears with secret joys;  
 And spread a fragrant breath.  
 Thy speech, in praise, to my renown;  
 And pray'r for blifs from me;

In social words, to make me known;  
Shews grace with gravity.

Hence 'granate-like, thy temples fair,  
Vail'd in thy locks appear;  
While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r,  
When none but God can hear.

From men thou hid'st thy rosy cheeks,  
Which shame for sin doth flush;  
Yet, spite of masks, thy mien detects  
Thy beauteous holy blush.

Verse 4. *Thy neck is like the tower of David builded  
for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand  
bucklers, all shields of mighty men.*

Besides thy coral lips and cheeks,  
Thy tow'ring iv'ry neck,  
Fram'd like a heav'nly structure, speaks  
Wisdom its architect.

This neck of precious faith excels  
King David's stately tower;  
It holds the glorious head, and dwells  
Upon the rock of power.

As *that* was for an arm'ry built  
Of warlike weapons bright,  
Where hung a thousand bucklers gilt,  
All shields of men of might:

So *this* most vig'rous faith of thine  
More conquest by my names,  
My words and attributes divine,  
Than many shields acclaims.

Defensive arms, in ev'ry case,  
Within this tower abound;

With



With weapons of victorious grace,  
 And bulwarks built around.  
 Thy neck of faith assimilates  
 An arm'ry built upright:  
 It stands renown'd for valiant feats  
 And boldest acts of might.  
 Faith joining her almighty King,  
 Safe, spite of fears, can dwell;  
 And viewing death without a sting  
 Defy the gates of hell.

*Verse 5. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies \*.*

Thy breasts of love resemble roes  
 Both young delightful twins:  
 In thee such equal ardour glows,  
 For God, and 'gainst thy sins.  
 Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,  
 Two test'ments, and two seals:  
 Which to thy children yield a feast  
 Of milk for daily meals.  
 Thine equal breasts delightful feed  
 With milk of sweet solace  
 In just proportion to the need  
 Of all the babes of grace.

Among my flocks, the lillie-fields  
 Where I with pleasure feast.  
 Thy wholesome conversation yields  
 Sweet food with open breast.

*Verse 6. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me up to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.*

\* See Chap. vii. 3.

I heard

I heard thy former warm request,  
To haste the shades away,  
Or, during night, abide thy guest  
Until the break of day.  
Thy prayer still in mind I bear,  
To which no longer mute,  
As then I bent my list'ning ear,  
So now I grant thy suit.  
In Zion mount my feet shall stay,  
And there I'll lodge with thee,  
Until the dawn of glory's day,  
That shades of sorrow flee.  
There will I smell the savour sweet  
Of active grace and prayer;  
For Zion is my chosen seat,  
I'll rest for ever there.  
Accepted off'rings all mature  
My holy hill surround,  
Perfum'd with myrrh and incense pure,  
That spread their odours round.  
No spice so much delights the smell  
As incense smoking there :  
Still therefore shall my Spirit dwell  
Within the house of pray'r.  
This mount of incense, hill of myrrh,  
My grace shall still adorn:  
Nor thence will I decamp or stir,  
Till glory's nuptial morn ;  
Till to my royal courts above  
My trumpet call thee up,  
To consummate our endless love,  
And drink full pleasure's cup.

*Verse 7. Thou art fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.*

My love, thou seem'st a lothsome worm:

Yet such thy beauties be,

I spoke but half thy comely form;

'Tis thou'rt wholly fair in me.

Whole justifi'd, in perfect dress;

Nor justice, nor the law

Can in thy rob of righteousness

Discern the smallest flaw.

Yea, sanctifi'd in ev'ry part,

Thou'rt perfect in design:

And I thee judge by what thou art

In thy intent and mine.

Fair love, by grace complete in me,

Beyond all beauteous brides,

Each spot that ever sullied thee

My purple vesture hides.

*Verse 8. Come \* with me from Lebanon, my spouse  
with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana  
from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions  
dens, from the mountains of the leopards.*

Fair consort, did I thee betroth?

And get thy heart and hand?

I urge thee by thy marriage-oath

Regard my kind command.

Come, come with me from Lebanon,

This mount of vanity:

Faith's object, things unseen, unknown

More suit thy high degree.

*\* The words here may be read by way of promise,  
Thou shalt come with me.*

Come

Come from this world's bewitching heights,  
O new-born soul forget  
The pompous fopp'ries, gay delights,  
Toys of thy native state.

Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay,  
Or dying shades and toys,  
When I invite thy heart away  
To share immortal joys?

By faith look from Amana's top,  
From Shenir, Hermon fair;  
Thence over Jordan look with hope  
Where Zion's glories are.

Let me alone possess thy heart,  
Leave ev'ry lion's den,  
From these wild leopard-hills depart,  
The place of furious men.

All worldly joys are overweigh'd  
With hills of vexing care,  
And under gaudy pleasures hide  
Some ghastly dang'rous snare.

Let blinded moles in earthen hills  
Their mould'ring store pursue,  
And like the dust that never fills;  
Bid thou mole-hills, adieu.

I'll thee to higher bliss exalt,  
For ever with thy Lord:  
Come, come thou must, and come thou shalt,  
My love's thy drawing cord.

Verse 9. *Thou hast \* ravished my heart, my sister,  
my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of  
thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.*

\* Or taken away my heart.

Thy fellowship's my fond desire,  
Thus su'd by kindly calls,  
Because my vanquisht heart on fire  
Thy beauty's captive falls.  
I cannot see with pleasure love,  
Thy feet on mountains roam;  
Nor can I rest, until above  
My palace be thy home.  
I own, my spouse, and sister dear,  
Unsham'd my brotherhood;  
We're doubly sib, our kindred's near  
By marriage and by blood.  
Thou hast, my Father being thine,  
In's love a filial part;  
And I'm (thou hast so much of mine.)  
Scarce master of my heart.  
To thee I bear a love intense,  
Ev'n to the last degree:  
Thou, in effect, by violence  
Hast rapt my heart from me.  
Of all created beauties brave  
E'er fashion'd by my hand,  
None like thy comely graces have  
My heart at such command.  
One glance of thy believing eye,  
One chain of thy fair neck,  
Part of thy form has ravish'd me;  
How must the whole effect?  
Thy pow'rful faith and love detains  
My heart trapt, yet enlarg'd,  
With strong delights and pleasing chains,  
I'm conquer'd and o'ercharg'd.

Verse



Verse 10. *How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!  
how much better is thy love than wine! and the  
smell of thy ointments, than all spices!*

Dear relative, thou in whose veins

My blood and spirit run,

Bound to my heart by various chains,

I'll in thy praise go on.

How fair! how grateful unto me

Are all thy fruits of love!

Thy love beyond compare I see,

And with my heart approve.

My love divine was in thine eye

Prefer'd to richest wine:

And, not to be behind with thee,

I'll speak the praise of thine.

Thy love excels the choicest wine

That clears man's heart apace;

For, lo, this fervent grace of thine

Can God's own heart solace:

No wine of off'rings once pour'd out

Did such acceptance win,

As does thy shining life without,

From burning love within,

All graces sweet thy love attend,

By me acceptance find,

And forth their fragrant odours send,

Like oil of purest kind.

The holy unction pour'd on thee

Yields to my heart a feast,

And smells more \* redolent to me

Than spices of the east.

\* Sweet or savoury.

As streams unto their spring reflow,  
 To me is my recourse;  
 I call thee fair, who made thee so;  
 My love's of thine the source.  
 Thy love's my due, because of old  
 With men were my delights;  
 I joy'd in loves I should behold,  
 Now charm'd I'm with the sights.  
 Heart-piercing love of ancient rise  
 Thou didst so much ingross;  
 The wounds of love made me despise  
 The torments of the cross.

*Verse 11. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue, and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.*

O spouse, thy love with loveliness  
 Is mixt in word and walk;  
 My tongue takes pleasure to express  
 How I approve thy talk.  
 Drops from thy lips distill'd, with ease,  
 To faints more sweetness yield,  
 Than honey-combs which busy bees  
 Suck from the flow'ry field.  
 Both Canaan's blessings glide below  
 Thy sweet instructive tongue;  
 For thence do milk and honey flow,  
 To feed and feast thy young.  
 Thy heart still with thy tongue agrees,  
 To fill the flowing ride,  
 And shew thou art, without disguise,  
 My fair and fertile bride.

Such

Such is thy wonted holy strain,  
 Refreshing pleasures load,  
 Thy language in discourse with men,  
 And duty towards God.

Cloth'd with my righteousness, thy smell  
 Is like a field of bliss:

And hath with this, to deck thee well  
 A robe of sav'ry grace.

Hence still abroad thy favour flies  
 In works of practice fair,  
 Which Lebanon's perfume outvies,  
 That scents the circling air.

As there sweet-smelling trees and flow'rs  
 Did, fann'd with gales, abound;  
 Thy gospel-walk sweet odours pours  
 To God and man around.

Verf. 12. *A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse:  
 a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

My bride's a garden of solace,  
 Where fruits and flow'rs abound;  
 A sacred spot, inclos'd by grace,  
 Well fenc'd and wall'd around.

From common earth sequestrate quite,  
 Reserved for my use;

Preserved also by my might,  
 From violence and abuse.

A spring, diffusing crystal streams,  
 Does midst the garden swell;  
 Shut up from sultry hurtful beams  
 And feet would taint the well.

A fountain seal'd for secrecy,  
 T' enhance the worth unseen:

For shelter and security,

To keep it pure and clean.

My privy-seal was stamp't thereon,

That bliss which Heav'n commands

Abroad from thence in rills may run,

And streams o'er distant lands.

As me the Father seal'd to spread

For hungry souls heav'n's food;

So Zion's springs are seal'd, to shed

On thirsty ground a flood.

Verse 13. *Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, camphire, with spikenard,*

Verse 14. *Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.*

Sweet fruits all flourishing around

My garden well beseems;

Which cannot prove a barren ground,

Amidst such living streams.

Thy plants of grace do parallel

An orchard rich with trees;

Sweet, to delight the taste and smell;

Fair to salute the eyes.

Here 'granates young and camphire grow,

Here spice and incense bloom,

Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow

With gales a rich perfume.

Here num'rous plants with fragrant scent,

And odours most refin'd,

All in their nature excellent,

And various in their kind.

Thy

Thy blooming plants of grace display  
A heav'nly soil and air;  
And sap divine which I convey  
Makes all the planting fair.

Wild nature's soil could ne'er produce  
Such trees as here do stand  
For special pleasure, special use,  
All planted by my hand.

Verse 15. *A fountain of gardens, a well of living  
waters, and streams from Lebanon.*

Thy pleasant garden's blooming plants  
All others far excel:

For Heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants  
Streams of salvation's well.

This fountain open, full and nigh.  
Makes plants their vigour yield;  
Yea, neighb'ring gardens does supply,  
And each adjacent field.

Thy graces frank their juice convey,  
Not dipt as shallow pails;  
But living springs, that night and day  
Flow to refresh the vales.

Such is thy lib'ral flowing mine,  
Nor are with penury  
Thy blessings to thy banks confin'd,  
But common as the sea.

My quickening Spirit, freely shed,  
That Zion's banks may flow,  
The river is, whose streams do glad,  
And make the plaining grow:

The well of water here runs o'er,  
The current to maintain;

With



With hasty course to endless glore,  
As rivers to the main.

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon  
So stately rolls her tide ;  
As cryстал rivers from the throne  
Thro' Zion's valleys glide.

Thy rills of grace to me return,  
And own their springs in me ;  
As garden-streams from thence must run,  
With tribute to the sea.

### The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 16. *Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out : let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.*

In ample praise, my King I hear  
Make worthless me his theme ;  
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd ear.  
I sink to dust for shame.

What humbling wonders he performs !  
On mites his picture draws ;  
Then makes the despicable worms  
His subject of applause.

Lord, if I be a garden fair,  
On thee the praise must land :  
For all my verdant graces were  
Plants of thy mighty hand.

Thy spicy fruits thou dost approve,  
And deign'st thus to commend,  
Are blossoms of thy fruitful love,  
And on thy breath depend,

They

They quickly languish, fade and die;

They cease to bud or flow,

And sapless, scentless, fruitless lie,

Unless thy Spirit blow.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,

Excite the spicy vale;

Blow on this garden of perfume

A rousing quickening gale.

On Zion's sons, O Sp'rit divine,

Pour grace and gifts abroad;

Make pastors by perfumes of thine,

A favour sweet to God.

Sharp gales from chilling North command,

To rouse the seeds of grace:

Then warming South's soft wings expand,

Till spices flow apace.

From ev'ry point, O mighty winds,

Blow a new Pentecost:

Let blinded Atheistic minds

Know there's a Holy Ghost.

O let my best beloved come,

And spread his area broad

With choicest fruits of rich perfume,

Most grateful to my God.

My garden's his, (in all its views),

The life, the sap, the root;

The product whole to him accrues,

From whom is all the fruit.

Come, else the banquet cannot stand;

Come bring thy pleasing treat,

The fruits of thy laborious hand,

And toil with bloody sweat.

Am I the garden Heav'n can own,  
 Where living waters flow,  
 As crystal rivers from the throne  
 To make the plaining grow?

O heav'nly wind, awake and come,  
 Blow all thy gracious gales  
 On this my garden of perfume,  
 Else all its favour fails.

O holy Spirit, from above  
 My with'ring heart inspire,  
 And raise, by various forms of love,  
 As various wants require.

Let Northern breezes fill my fails  
 With sharp convincing grace:  
 Then, from the South, refreshing gales  
 Resume their joyful place.

Make all the spices flow abroad,  
 All graces active here,  
 To entertain my Lord and God,  
 Faith, love, and joy appear.

Let my belov'd his presence sweet  
 Now to his garden grant,  
 To taste his pleasant fruits, and eat  
 What he himself did plant.

## C H A P. V.

### CHRIST's Words.

Verse 1. *I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice, I have*

*I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey, I have  
drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends,  
drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

**M**Y love, in answer to thy pray'r,  
I'm here at thy request;  
And ready both to give and share  
The pleasure of the feast.

I'm come, my spouse and sister dear,  
I'm to my garden come  
To gather up my spice and myrrh,  
I'm pleas'd with this perfume.

My graces relish like a feast  
Of honey, milk, and wine;  
I make myself a welcome guest,  
The fruits are mine and thine.

Eat, drink, O friends, whom I approve,  
I also welcome you;  
Yea, drink abundance of my love,  
Full freedom I allow.

Your fainting spirits here refresh  
With plenty spread abroad,  
The grace and love, the blood the flesh  
Of your incarnate God.

Not elect angels ever share  
Such strange and matchless food;  
They feast on their Creator's care,  
Not your Redeemer's blood.

The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 2. *I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice  
of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me,  
my*

*my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.*

The heart of Jesus kind I see,  
 But mine ungrateful fails;  
 Two natures are at odds in me,  
 And oft the worst prevails.  
 Both sleeping flesh I have, that rests  
 In sloth unto my shame;  
 And waking grace, that still protests  
 Against the lazy frame.  
 Hence, tho' I sleep, I at my heart  
 Some inward knocking hear;  
 'Tis Jesus voice, his loving dart  
 Thus wounds my waking ear.  
 " Come, open, my unspotted dove,  
 " Thy heart I bolted find;  
 " Awake, my sister; rise, my love,  
 " Let in thy dearest friend.  
 " Wrath's mid-night show'r bedew'd my  
 " Storms on my head did blow: (locks  
 " Wilt thou unkindly slight my knocks  
 " Who suffer'd for thee so,  
 " And now stand waiting patiently  
 " To give the purchas'd good,  
 " At present ready to apply  
 " The blessings of my blood?

Verse 3. *I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?*

When



When thus in most endearing terms  
Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd  
My heart resisting heav'nly charms,  
On bed of sloth reply'd :

“ My cloaths are off, my nap is sweet;

“ How shall I rise undrest ?

“ How shall I stain my new-washt feet!

“ Excuse me, let me rest.”

My non-admission of his grace

His holy Spirit vext ;

My answer for my laziness

Was but a vile pretext.

*Verse 4. My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved \* for him.*

When I so shamefully refus'd

Access to my belov'd,

Another kindly way he us'd,

Which my affections mov'd.

Tho' I his word did basely flight

Yet, ere I was aware,

His Spirit by resistless might

Did kindly draw the bar.

He, to unbolt the door, put in

His gracious hand of pow'r :

Then did his love upbraid my sin,

And melt my bowels fore.

*Verse 5. I rose up to open to my beloved, and my heart dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.*

\* Or, in me,

I

How

How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,  
 How patient, who can tell?  
 What drops of grace on th' entry lock'd  
 From his sweet fingers fell?  
 At length I rose from off my bed,  
 My drousy bed of sloth,  
 To open to my spouse who had  
 My solemn marriage-oath.  
 Soon by the wet lock-handles were  
 My fingers moist'ned much,  
 And sweetly dropt with oil of myrrh  
 Left by his melting touch.  
 His quick'ning Sp'rit heart-fetters broke,  
 And heal'd my dull disease;  
 As dropping oil that makes the lock.  
 Soon yield and ope with ease.

*Verse 6. I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone; my soul failed when he spake; I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.*

I open'd straight to my belov'd,  
 Expecting his embrace;  
 But, ah! from thence he had remov'd,  
 And justly hid his face.  
 Mine aking heart did now collect  
 His words that gave the wound,  
 As ~~my~~ wailing fore my base neglect,  
 Away my spirit swoon'd.  
 With great perplexity I sought;  
 But him I could not find;

*I call'd*

I call'd, but, ah! no answer got,  
To ease my restless mind.

So much my former slothfulness  
To present damage turn'd ;  
In grief I doubled mine address,  
Yet still his absence mourn'd.

*Verse 7. The watchmen that went about the city,  
found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the  
keepers of the wall took away my veil from me.*

When I, in private means, with care  
Had fought, but fought in vain ;  
I try'd his public courts, but there,  
Redoubled was my pain.

Kind pastors formerly condol'd  
My case with sympathy ;  
But now I met with such as rul'd  
With force and cruelty \*.

Untender watchmen, on their rounds  
In open streets me got,  
Afflicted me with many wounds,  
And without mercy smote.

They hurt my name, my head, my crown,  
And sore reproach'd my zeal ;  
Wall-keepers rude, thus beat me down  
And tore away my veil.

My fair profession they defam'd,  
Nor did my failings hide :  
A strolling harlot I was nam'd,  
And not a loving bride.

\* Ezek. xxxiv. 4.

Verse 8. *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.*

O Salem's race, when watchmen wound,  
 Won't ye more favour shew?  
 What pity can't with them be found,  
 May I expect with you.

I want my soul's beloved one,  
 None else can give me ease:  
 I'm sick of love; Oh! is there none  
 To tell him my disease!

His absence from my soul is death;  
 O, if ye find his grace,  
 I charge you with my dying breath,  
 To represent my case.

### THE COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 9. *What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?*

Fair lover, thou who dost to us  
 Thy moaning speech direct.  
 Whose shining beauteous carriage thus  
 Commands our high respect;  
 The object does thy love engage,  
 We judge by viewing thee  
 Most surely be some personage  
 Of very high degree.

What's thy belov'd? pray let us know,  
 For whom thou art so sad,

And

And giv'st such solemn charge, as tho'  
He not an equal had.

Thou fairest beauty, can't thou see  
His match when he removes?  
Pray what alluring charms has he  
Beyond all other loves?

The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 10. *My beloved is white and ruddy, the chief-  
est \* among ten thousand.*

If why I love my Jesus so,  
The wond'ring world enquire,  
My grounds are such as, did they know,  
Their hearts would also fire.

O there is no belov'd like mine!  
He's white and ruddy both;  
All human beauties, all divine  
His glorious person clothe.

White in his natures both descry'd,  
From ev'ry blemish free;  
And ruddy in his garments dy'd  
With blood he shed for me.

Was he not red but only white,  
The lily not the rose,  
He might suffice the angel's fight:  
But I am none of those.

Was he not white but only red,  
A sufferer for his sin,

\* Or standard-bearer.



His blood would rest upon his head,  
Nor could I joy therein.  
But here's my joy and confidence,  
Both mixt I see by faith,  
The whiteness of his innocence,  
The redness of his death.  
Since for my sin he bore disgrace,  
Who yet from sin was free;  
This makes his white and ruddy face  
A beauty meet for me.  
The chief of chiefs beyond compare,  
Immanuel, God-man,  
Among ten thousand ensigns fair,  
Triumphant leads the van.  
To him the heav'ns their homage bring,  
To him celestial throngs,  
Ten thousand saints and angels sing,  
With rapture on their tongues.  
Created wisdom cannot scan  
The root of Jesse's rod,  
Nor speak the greatness of the man,  
The grandeur of the God.

*Verse 11. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks  
are bushy, and black as a raven.*

His head which once was crown'd with thorns,  
And where all wisdom dwells,  
A crown of glory bright adorns,  
Which finest gold excels.  
So firm, so bright, so eminent,  
And durable for ay,  
Is his extensive government,  
And universal sway.

Black as a raven's his curled hair  
And bushy locks; a mark,  
That still his age is fresh and fair,  
His counsels deep and dark,  
Beauties of youth and age agree  
To deck his awful sway;  
Fair youth without inconstancy,  
Full age without decay.

Verse 12. *His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and \* fitly set.*

His dove-like eyes most bright appear  
Like these the brooks have wet,  
Or milky streams have moistened clear,  
Like diamonds fitly set.

His sparkling eyes with piercing sight  
O'ersee the shades of death;  
Inspecting secrets of the night,  
And searching hell beneath.

He with his fix'd and steady eyes  
Beholding distant parts,  
Both deeps of divine counsel spies,  
And deeps of human hearts.

Behold both loftiness and love  
In his omniscient eye;  
The eagle temper'd with the dove,  
With meekness, majesty.

Verse 13. *His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as † sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.*

\* Fitly placed, and set as a precious stone in the foil of a ring. † Flowers of perfume.

His

His rosy cheeks a bed of flow'rs  
 Still tow'ring up perfume;  
 Or spices that with summer-show'rs  
 Their sweetest scent resume:

These very cheeks he once resign'd  
 To them that pluckt the hair,  
 Most sweetly to th' enlighten'd mind  
 Refreshing virtue share.

His lips, resembling lily-blooms,  
 Drop sav'ry words of grace,  
 Like oil of myrrh with fine perfumes,  
 To suit a fainting case.

The balmy drops his lips afford,  
 Give life to sons of death:  
 The vital favour of his word  
 Restores expiring breath.

*Verse 14. His hands are as goldrings set with the beryl; his \* belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.*

His hands are fairer to behold,  
 Though once nail'd to the tree,  
 Than beryls set in rings of gold;  
 So rich in bounty's he.

His operations mighty, vast,  
 No mortal understands;  
 For all the works of God have past  
 Thro' these his precious hands.  
 No iv'ry fine so bright is found,  
 With sapphires overlaid;

\* Or bowels, the same word as in Verse 4.

As

*the SONG of Solomon.*

10

As bowels of compassion round  
Do gild his pierced side.  
The love about his heart that twines  
Still firm without decay,  
In instances unnumber'd shines  
With sparkling bright array.

*Verse 15. His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon  
sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon,  
excellent as the cedars.*

His legs like marble-pillars stand  
On golden sockets fine;  
So firm's the throne of his command,  
So ev'n his paths divine.

His stately steps, his steady way,  
His stable kingdom proves  
He's solid gold, not mould'ring clay  
Like fading mortal loves.

His countenance more lofty is  
Than Lebanon by far,  
More excellent than all its trees  
And stately cedars are.

So high, so eminent is he,  
That in his person shine,  
The glories of the Deity,  
With majesty divine.

*Verse 16. His mouth is most sweet: yea, \* he is al-  
together lovely.-----*

Lo, his blest mouth, that once did taste  
The bitter gall for me,

\* He is all desires,

With

With charms divinely sweet is grac'd,  
Unto the last degree.

Grace pour'd into his lips alway  
Does thence so sweetly run;  
They share the Father's grace for ay  
Who do but kiss the Son.

His mouth a triple heav'n imports,  
A word, a smile, a kiss;  
A triple doom to dash their sports  
Whose lips profane the bliss.  
How hard, tho' sweet, this limning task!  
I faint, I must succumb;  
He is (if what he is, you ask)  
All over loves in sum.

How weak my tongue, his glory sings,  
Which drowns seraphic art;  
He's all desirable things,  
And charms in ev'ry part.

Adoring heav'n's his name confess  
The infinite unknown,  
And in created human dress  
The uncreated One.

Their tongues that do his glory speak,  
In loud and lofty lays,  
For higher notes are still to seek,  
And never reach his praise.

I wrong his name with words so faint,  
Nor half his worth declare:  
Can finite pencils ever paint  
The infinitely fair?

----*This*



— *This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.*

My union to his person dear,  
 Bears such substantial bliss;  
 All mortal loves and friendships here,  
 Are but the shade of this.

Whatever sweet relations be  
 'Mong creatures great or small,  
 There's infinite disparity  
 Between him and them all.

Yet how much in himself he is,  
 So much he is to me:  
 For he is mine, and I am his,  
 And evermore shall be.

The more I hold his glory forth,  
 Or would his name unfold;  
 The more incomparable worth  
 I still in him behold.

Now this, O Salem's progeny,  
 This is my love, my friend;  
 Search heav'n and earth, but sure am I,  
 His match you'll never find.

Your question far exceeds my reach,  
 What's thy belov'd? said ye:  
 His praise defeats my fault'ring speech;  
 But (pray you) come and see.

# C H A P. VI.

## The COMPANION'S Words.

Verse 1. *Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

SUCH

**S**UCH glorious things are told by thee  
 About thy matchless mate:  
 His seekers too we fain would be,  
 And share thy happy state.  
 Thy holy walk and talk is such,  
 Thy countenance so fair,  
 We think whom thou commend'st so much,  
 Must be beyond compare.  
 O where is thy beloved gone?  
 Thou fairest of thy kind,  
 So happy in that glorious one  
 On whom thou sett'st thy mind.  
 Where is he gone? pray let us know  
 What place frequents he most?  
 That we in quest of him may go,  
 Nor find our travel lost.

• The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 2. *My beloved is gone down into his garden,  
 to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to  
 gather lilies.*

Lo, my belov'd, tho' he enthron'd  
 In glory keeps his place,  
 Yet here below is to be found  
 In gardens of his grace.  
 He plants, he waters ev'ry tree,  
 His blessing makes them spring;  
 Then gladly comes he down to see  
 What rich increase they bring:  
 He walks among the spicy beds,  
 Where aromatics flow;

And

And in his young plantations feeds,  
Where fruits delicious grow.

He gathers there his chosen crop  
Of lilies, without toil;

And, when full ripe, he picks them up,  
To deck his fairer soil.

Th' assemblies of his growing saints  
Are still his chief repair:

Whoe'er his gracious presence wants,  
May seek with success there.

*Verse 3. \* I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine:  
he feedeth among the lilies.*

Tho' now my Lord from me abscond,  
Yet judge him not unkind:

In's temple oft I have him found,  
And hope again to find.

And tho' from me to sense he hides,  
My faith holds fast his name:

Mine int'rest in him firm abides,  
I will not quit my claim.

He has my warmest love ingross,  
And I possess his heart;

His love and mine unite, I boast  
Nor death nor hell can part.

The bond of love so firm abides,  
Ev'n in the darkest day,

That tho' behind the shade he hides,  
He's never far away.

*\* See Chap. ii. 16. this more largely explained.*

Tho' he his noblest tables spreads  
 Among his flow'rs above;  
 Yet here amidst his lily-beds  
 He keeps his feasts of love.

The ordinances of his grace,  
 Are fields of his repair;  
 There I have seen his glorious face,  
 And you may see him there.

CHRIST's Words.

*Verse. 4. Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,  
 comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.*

How comely is the bride I see,  
 Who thus mine absence wail'd,  
 And kindly thought and spoke of me,  
 Ev'n when my face was veil'd.

Thy zeal for me when I withdrew  
 I highly must approve;  
 And now return to thee, to shew  
 My great respect and love.

I did forgive, and have forgot  
 All thine infirmities:  
 Thy holy soul, from sin remote,  
 Is beauteous in mine eyes.

More fair thou art, my lovely prey,  
 More comely in my sight,  
 Than ever Tirzah once so gay,  
 Or Salem once so bright.

Thine aspect's awful majesty  
 Does strike thy foes with fear;  
 As armies do, when banner's fly,  
 And martial flags appear.

How

*the SONG of Solomon.*

111

How does thine armour glitt'ring bright  
Their frightened spirits quell?  
The weapons of thy warlike might  
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5. *Turn away thine eyes from me, for they  
have overcome me* \*.—

Small wonder that thy foes must bow  
When faith does keep the field;  
For, lo, I am thy captive too,  
And kindly forc'd to yield.

Thy charming eyes of faith and love,  
That make myself their prize,  
Have overcome me; pray remove  
And turn away thine eyes.

They pow'rfully my heart detain,  
My kindly passions fill;  
Yet no unwilling vict'ry gain,  
But win me to thy will.

Thy daring, gallant arms of grace,  
Have o'er me such a sway;  
I'm conquer'd with their kind embrace,  
And cannot say thee nay.

Thy piercing eyes, that ravish me,  
Command me as they list:  
My Spirit's aiding force in thee,  
Is pow'r I can't resist.

Cease, wrestling Jacob, let me go,  
My love, let me alone:

\* See more on this subject, chap. iii. 4. and xiv. 9.



If not, except I bleſs thee; lo!

My bleſſing thou haſt won.

—\* *Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Verſe 6. Thy teeth ure as a flock of ſheep which go up from the waſhing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. Verſe 7. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.*

Thy ſlothful carriage toward me

At our laſt interview,

Tho' I obſerv'd with jealouſy,

And thereupon withdrew;

Yet never judge thy change of frame

My heart from thee could move;

For ſtill (like ſolid rocks) the ſame

Is my unſhaken love.

Thy praiſe I ſounded in thine ears

Ere thou waſt ſo unkind;

And now indulge no faithleſs fears,

As if I chang'd my mind.

For, to evince the love I bore

Does ſtill the ſame remain,

I now commend thee as before,

And in the former ſtrain.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats

On Gilead's ſtately height,

Is thine adorning hair, that notes

Thy converſation bright.

No broider'd ornamental hair,

That trims up mortal clay,

\* See theſe words more largely explained, chap.

iv. 1. 2. 3.

Can

Can parallel the heav'nly air  
Of thy well-order'd way.  
Thy teeth the bread of life that eat,  
And feed upon my flesh,  
Are acts of faith in number great,  
In nature fair and fresh.  
Thine active zeal, yet mild, does keep  
A just equality,  
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep  
New past the shearer's eye.  
Thy purity exceeds their fleece  
Washt in the crystal flood;  
Thy fruits of holiness and peace  
Outvy their num'rous brood.  
There does not in the flock appear  
One barren, fruitless womb:  
But all by twins their offspring bear,  
And bring them bleating home.  
Like 'granates halv'd thy temples fair  
Within thy locks appear,  
While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r  
When none but God doth hear.  
Thou modest hid'st thy rosy cheeks,  
When sins with shame 'em flush:  
Yet thro' the mask, thy mien detects  
Thy beauteous holy blush.

Verse 8. *There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.* Verse

9. *My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her; the daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.*

Thy song gave me the chiefeſt name  
 Among ten thouſand heirs,  
 And thee the faireſt I proclaim  
 Among ten thouſand fairs.

Queens, concubines, and virgins are  
 Unnumber'd, whom they call  
 Bright dazzling beauties, charming fair;  
 But thou excell'ſt them all.

Moſt holy ſouls (of high deſcent)  
 Are beauties moſt renown'd:  
 The righteous is more excellent  
 Than all his neighbours round.

My ſpotleſs dove as one I view,  
 Yea, all in one to me;  
 Her mother-church's darling too,  
 And choiceſt progeny.

The daughters, her profeſſing friends,  
 Beheld her beauty great;  
 And ſtraight admir'd her in their minds,  
 And bleſt her in the gate.

Yea, queens and damſels more renown'd  
 Did all to her give place,  
 And with extolling praiſes crown'd  
 Her comely ſhining grace.

Verſe 10. *Who is ſhe that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the ſun, and terrible as an army with banners?*

“ Who's this (ſaid they) ſo brightly ſprings  
 “ Like to the morning ray,  
 “ That cleaves night ſhades with ſilver  
 “ To haſte the golden day? [wings,  
 “ Much

- " Much fairer than the gilded moon  
    " Her graces shine in drefs,  
" And clearer than the sun at noon,  
    " Her spotless righteousness.  
" Behold in love to brats forlorn,  
    " What wonders Heav'n performs!  
" That does with stateliness adorn  
    " Defil'd and lothsome worms.  
" By armour which her captain lends,  
    Until her warfare close,  
" She's render'd helpful to her friends,  
    " And hurtful to her foes.  
" Yea, while she does her rank maintain,  
    " And cast her airs abroad,  
" Her grace is awful toward men,  
    " And pow'rful toward God.

Verse 11. *I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.*

With friendly mind I hid my face,  
    Yet went not far away,  
Retiring but a little space,  
    My orchard to survey.

I went but down to see anew  
    My garden of sweet nuts,  
Within the shady grove, and view  
    The pleasant valley-fruits:

To notice round my labour'd plain,  
    If all was very good;  
If tender vines produc'd their grain,  
    And pomegranates their bud:

If all the water'd flow'ry plains  
 Along the verdant field,  
 Did fruits, proportion'd to my pains,  
 Ev'n in my absence yield.  
 Into my heart what chearfulness  
 And pleasure did it bring,  
 To see the early buds of grace  
 And blossoms of the spring?  
 I ravish'd saw my beauteous-bride,  
 Lament my absence sore;  
 Nor could myself in thickets hide,  
 From her, a moment more.

*Verse 12. Or ever I was aware, my soul \* made me  
 like the chariots of Amminadib.*

Such had my bride's inviting frame  
 Ev'n in my absence been;  
 No longer could I hide the flame  
 Of my affections keen.  
 Ravish'd, ere (in effect) I knew,  
 My bowels did me move;  
 Into her praying arms I flew  
 On speedy wings of love.  
 Sweet rapt'rous passion rose in me,  
 But most divine in mode,  
 As far as rapture can agree,  
 Or passion to a God.  
 My fond affections vehement  
 In ways of grace divine,  
 All towards her intensely bent,  
 Pursu'd their love-design.

\* Or, set me on the chariots of my princely willing people.

My



My willing people I provide  
Bright graces, princely charms:

And in these fiery chariots ride  
With speed into their arms.

Oil'd wheels of faith and warm desire,

That make myself their chace,

Fetch from mine altar still more fire

Of sweet surprising grace.

No chariot of Amminadib,

However swift or bright,

The heav'nly rapture can describe

Of love's delicious flight.

So rapid oft, tho' never rash,

The motions of my grace,

'Tween heav'n and earth, are like a flash

Of lightning in a trice.

Verse 13. *Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we may look upon thee: what will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the company of two armies.*

Love, in my absence short, wast thou

With sin and grief opprest?

O blame thy faithless heart, and now

Return unto thy rest.

With confidence and without fear

Thy heav'nly Husband face,

Who wills thee boldly to appear

Before his throne of grace.

The heav'ns unite their voice with mine

Thy heart return to move:

Allow thyself no more to whine,

Suspicious of my love.

Return

Return, O drooping Shulamite,  
 In haste return; for we  
 Heav'n's Trinity and hosts unite  
 With joy to welcome thee.

We want to see thee, at his call  
 Whose peace thy name adorns;  
 He with his saints and angels all  
 Will joy at thy returns.

What in the feeble Shulamite,  
 What's to be seen (you'll say)  
 Is struggling grace a goodly fight,  
 When sin regains the day?

Nay, lo my bride (tho' apt she be  
 Herself to under-rate)

I, on the field of battle, see  
 In warlike pomp and state.

Behold, two armies in her camp,  
 The doubled hosts of God;  
 Her lovers charm, her haters damp  
 Her happy triumph bode.

## C H A P. VII.

### CHRIST's Words.

*Verse 1. How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.*

**F**AIR bride, thy beauties I'll extol  
 So lovely in my sight :

For

For I my new creation whole  
Still view with great delight.  
How noble is thy high descent,  
Not fordid from the earth?  
How does thy gesture document  
Thy new and heav'nly birth!  
O princess of the royal race!  
Thy feet with golden shoes,  
Do sparkle, while thy walk, thro' grace,  
Becomes the gospel-news.  
The steps of thy affections clean,  
And conversation fair,  
Display a heav'nly, royal mien,  
A sweet and stately air.  
The joints, that strength and motion do  
To thy right steps impart,  
Like orient jewels burnish'd new,  
Speak holy curious art.  
Thro' thy fair port in sacred things  
Thy joints as gems appear;  
While holy principles and springs  
Thy course of duty steer.

Verse 2. *Thy navell is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor; thy belly is like an heap of wheat, set about with lilies.*

As is thy sparkling bright array  
Form'd to thy pedigree;  
So with thy shining outward way  
Thine inward shapes agree.  
A wretched infant once thou wast,  
To open field cast out,

From

From native blood and stains unwasht,  
Nor was thy navel cut.

But now, how neat's thy gracious form,  
Fed by a glorious spring!  
Since grace transform'd the lothsome worm.  
To quite another thing.

Thy infant-brood to ripeness grows,  
Which thy kind bowels feed,  
Like to a bowl that overflows  
With liquor for their need.

My Spirit is (to fill thy cup,  
And give thee rich increase)

A well of water springing up  
In thee to endless bliss.

Thy fruitful womb an heap of wheat  
\* Assimulates in mode;

Thy royal marriage makes thee meet  
For bearing fruit to God.

Fruit deckt around with flow'rs-de-luce,  
Each grace of active vent;  
A product rich of fruit for use,  
With flow'rs for ornament.

Fair Zion's fertile womb has reat  
For babes her lily-brood;

And yields them plenteous store of wheat,  
When ripe for solid food.

Verse 3. *Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins* †.

Thy breasts of love resemble roes  
That seem delightful twins;

\* Resembles.

† See Chap. iv. 5.

Such

Such equal care to feed thou shows,  
Thy babes in sacred inns.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,  
Two test'ments and two seals,  
Which to thy children yield a feast  
Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed  
With milk of sweet solace,  
In just proportion to the need  
Of all the babes of grace.

My children dear nurs'd at thy side  
Thy kindly bowels show,  
And plainly prove my beauteous bride  
A fruitful mother too.

Verse 4. \* *Thy neck is as a tower of ivory, thine eyes  
like the fish pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-  
rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which  
looketh toward Damascus.*

Thy neck of precious faith excels  
The fairest iv'ry tower;  
It holds the glorious head, and dwells  
Upon the rock of power.

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts  
All eyes, and wonder breeds:  
It stands renown'd for valiant acts,  
For strange and mighty deeds.

No iv'ry whiter than the swan  
Can match thy precious faith;  
No tow'r with equal boldness can  
Defy the gates of death.

\* See Chap. iv. 4.



Thine eyes like Heshbon's clear fish-pools  
 Near by Bath-rabbim's gate,  
 Enlightned brightly, twit the fools,  
 That hug blind nature's state.

More clear than any silver brook,  
 Thine eyes of knowledge trace  
 Hid myst'ries in the sacred book,  
 Unfathom'd deeps of grace.

But all conceal'd this glory lies  
 From haughty sons of pride,  
 Whose boasted wit does blind their eyes,  
 And heav'nly light deride.

Thy nose of quick sagacity  
 Like Leb'non's tower does rise,  
 And with bold look Damascus spy,  
 To face thine enemies.

Because they strong and subtile are,  
 Thou keepst the frontier-tow'r;  
 To smell their policy afar,  
 And watch against their pow'r.

*Verse 5. Thine head upon thee is like † Carmel, and  
 the hair of thine head like purple.---*

Thy heav'nly mind intelligent  
 Excels the wise on earth,  
 While strangers to thy high descent,  
 And to thy heav'nly birth.

Thy lofty head and stately brow  
 Looks to the heav'ns above,  
 And scornful smiles on all below,  
 As worthless of thy love.

† Or crimson.

Thy

Thy helmet and thy head-piece is  
Hope built on precious blood:  
High is thy head extoll'd by this  
'Bove ev'ry foe and flood.  
Higher by far than Carmel top,  
The walls of heav'n to scale;  
When thine advent'rous soaring hope  
Takes place within the vale.  
Th' excellency of Carmel high  
Can't match thy crimson head;  
Its hairs are of the purple dye  
Which once thy Lord did bleed.  
Each pin that holds thy hair in drefs,  
Each glance from grace within,  
Speaks univerfal statelinefs;  
Not one disorder'd pin.  
Each holy air around thy face  
Does fo thy beauty 'enhance,  
A lustre fhines in ev'ry grace,  
A charm in ev'ry glance.

-----*The King is † held in the galleries.*

To prove the beauty ravishing  
And lustre of thy drefs;  
How does it captivate the King,  
And deep his heart impress!  
Jesus the King of kings renown'd,  
Is held within thine arms,  
In gall'ries of his grace, and bound  
A captive to thy charms.

† Or bound.

The glorious and majestic One,  
 Whom death could ne'er detain,  
 Is by thy pow'rful graces won,  
 And ty'd as with a chain.

Strange loveliness it is that sways  
 The regent of the skies!  
 Constraining him to stay and gaze;  
 It so attracts his eyes.

Bold with the King are faith's efforts;  
 Bless'd they the conquest share!  
 Who win him to his sacred courts,  
 And then can hold him there.

Such is the glory of his grace,  
 He boasts to be o'ercome;  
 And feasts the victor with solace,  
 Who fought but for a crumb.

Verse 6. \* *How fair and how pleasant art thou, O  
 love, for delights!*

O love, no words can specify  
 Thy forms of loveliness;  
 Delight of diverse kinds in thee  
 Are more than I express.

No equal for delights hast thou,  
 No match on earth below:  
 I call thee fair and pleasant too,  
 Because I made thee so.

My love, thy dress without how fair!  
 Within, how sweet to me!  
 My righteousness and graces are  
 The robes I made for thee.

\* Or, how art thou made fair.

My

My lab'ring life was spent throughout  
The marriage suit to spin,  
That makes my bride all fair without,  
All glorious too within.

Verse 7. *This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and  
thy breasts to clusters of grapes.*

The sweet proportion I observe  
Of graces fair in thee;  
None from their proper station swerve,  
But act harmoniously.

Thy stature, like the palm-tree firm,  
Is stately, straight, and tall:  
No burden can the flourish harm,  
No years the growth enthrall.

Thy breasts of love to me and mine,  
Square to the gospel plan,  
Chear like the clusters full of wine,  
The heart of God and man.

Verse 8. *I said, I will go up to the palm-tree, I will  
take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts  
shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy  
nose like apples;*

“ I will, said I, this palm-tree climb,

“ This lovely walk approve,

“ And to my bride in holy trim

“ I'll manifest my love \*.

“ I'll apprehend by saving grace,

“ As I decreed of old,

“ Her little boughs, her tender race,

“ And never quit the hold.”

\* John xiv. 21.

Lo, heav'n shall then thy breasts inspire,  
As clusters fill'd with wine:

Thy presence shall thy graces fire  
To thy content and mine.

The breath of life thy nostrils blow  
Shall with sweet scent abound,

No fav'ry apples e'er could throw  
Such grateful odours round.

*Verse 9. And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine, (for \* my beloved), that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of † those that are asleep, to speak.*

Thy palate drench'd with holy love  
Shall drop the richest wine:

So sweet thy pray'rs and praise shall prove  
A feast to me and mine.

I'll taste thy chear, and speak it good,  
For thou'lt in upright ways

Derive it from my plenitude,  
Devote it to my praise.

Drops from the living vine that stream  
With sweetness down will go;

To make thy cold affections flame,  
Thy wither'd graces grow.

My spirit's gen'rous wine will make  
The old renew their days,

The dead to life, the dull to wake,  
The dumb to speak my praise.

\* A parenthesis of the bride's, say some.

† Or, the ancient,



The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 10. *I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.*

Lo, how my loving Lord commends  
Base me, who blush to hear,  
And blood of grapes from Eschol sends  
My drooping heart to chear.

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be  
Whose love my heart doth fire,  
And thus has fix'd on worthless me  
His conjugal desire.

What line can this love-ocean found!  
What tongue its measure tell!  
Whose height immense, and depth profound,  
Won heav'n, and vanquish'd hell.

Verse 11. *Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.*

Come, dearest love, let us retire  
From this vain earth's annoy;  
That undisturb'd communion near  
We may alone enjoy.

We'll chuse some secret, lonely place,  
To vent our joys the more;  
And forage in the field of grace,  
Until we feast in glore.

Thy company such hidden trains  
Of consolation brings:  
That, pois'd with this, my soul disdains  
The pomp of earthly kings.

In rural villages below

Come let us lodge all night,  
Till dusky shades of sin and woe  
Give place to glory's light.

*Verse 12. Let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.*

Unto the vineyards of thy grace,  
Come, let us early go;  
To see in this retiring place  
If all the planting grow.

Come visit, Lord, thy sacred ground,  
See how thy nurs'ries bear,  
If vines and grapes and 'granates round  
Their flow'ry raiment wear.

O come along, thy succour grant,  
While I thy fruits review;  
For at thy presence ev'ry plant  
Its verdure will renew.

The vines their blossom will resume,  
The tender grapes revive;  
See how the 'granates then will bloom,  
And all the graces thrive.

In these retirements while I live,  
Thy presence I'll improve;  
And joyful there I will thee give  
The tokens of my love.

In nearness sweet with thee apart  
I'll dash vain loves with ire,  
And wholly offer thee my heart  
In flames of holy fire.

Verse 13. *The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.*

Here, Lord, for thee the garden's drest,  
For thee the feast is spread:  
Come then, vouchsafe with me to rest  
Below the verdant shade.

The mandrakes here, love-fruits and flow'rs,  
Do spread their odours round;  
And at our very gates sweet stores  
And fruits of grace are found.

Embracing faith is here, to meet  
My Lord when he appears;  
Repentance here to wash his feet  
With floods of joyful tears.

Love, joy, and all the heav'nly train,  
Old fruits with new increase,  
Laid up in store to entertain  
The God of all my grace.

Come thou, to whom I all devote,  
O my beloved Lord;  
Lo, all that's from thy fulness got  
Is for thy glory stor'd.

'Tis thine to plant and prune and dress;  
Thou mak'st the garden grow:  
In thee my all I still possess,  
To thee my all I owe.

## C H A P. VIII.

## The CHURCH's Words.

Verse 1. *O that thou wert as my brother that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, † I should not be despised.*

**S**O sweet I find thy heav'nly charms,  
Still more and more I bode;  
And long to clasp within mine arms  
A whole incarnate God.

O would thou as my brother wert,  
My mother's sucking child!  
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart,  
And should not be revil'd.

Yea, in the op'nest, patent place,  
Without a blush thro' shame,  
I would with joyful arms embrace  
The babe of Bethlehem.

Hell could reproach thy church of old,  
That lov'd a child unborn:  
But now the son is giv'n, I'm bold  
To love, and fear no scorn.

To him I'll give the highest room  
And joy beneath his shade,  
That deign'd to bless the virgin's womb,  
And human nature wed.

† *Heb.* They should not despise me.

My

My God's my brother now in drefs ;  
And if he would allow't,  
Tho' hell should mock my fond carefs,  
I'd openly avow't.

Verse 2. *I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, and of the juice of my pomegranate.*

I would attend and usher thee  
Into my mother's home ;  
Then would her courts instructive be,  
For light with pow'r would come.  
Her children would thy glory see,  
Did they thy presence share :  
And I for entertaining thee  
Would bring my choicest fare.  
To spiced wine with 'grahates juice  
I would thee welcome make ;  
And greatly would my heart rejoice,  
Wer't better for thy sake.  
Well were the feast bestow'd on thee ;  
For thine my graces are,  
Who, when thou com'st to feed with me,  
Dost bring along the fare.

Verse 3. *His left hand\* should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me †.*

Lo, he descending from above,  
In answer to my pray'r,  
Enfolds me in his arms of love,  
To shew his tender care.

\* Or rather is

† See Chap. ii. 6.



His left hand for my support he  
 Beneath my head does place;  
 Then for my comfort lends he me  
 His right hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a silver shower  
 Of blessings from above:  
 I'm closely guarded with his pow'r,  
 And girded with his love.

For my solace 'gainst sin and death,  
 I feel his glad'ning charms;  
 And, for my safety, underneath  
 His everlasting arms.

O welcome blest and happy hour  
 When he unveils his face;  
 I'm then supported by his pow'r,  
 Comforted by his grace.

Verse 4. \* *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem*  
 † *that ye stir not up, nor awake my love until he*  
*please.*

O Salem's daughters, now, I pray  
 And charge you, stand in awe  
 T'awake my love, or any way  
 Provoke him to withdraw.

This heav'nly quiet mar not ye  
 With loud offensive noise;  
 Why should ye rob yourselves and me  
 Of such uncommon joys?

\* See these words more largely spoken to, Chap.  
 ii. 7. and iii. 5.

† *Why should ye stir up, or why awake, &c.*

His

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,

The happy hour is this :

Why should ye prove such wretched foes,

To interrupt the bliss?

My glorious Lord now rests within

Mine arms of faith and love;

I charge myself, my heart, my sin,

Not once to stir or move.

While he allows his visit sweet,

Let none his rest annoy;

O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,

Nor sin away my joy.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 5. (*Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?*)

What fair and lovely bride is this?

Tho' prest with griefs and sins,

Yet trav'ling from the wilderness,

On her beloved leans.

How boldly does she in his name

And in his strength go on,

All other righteousness disclaim,

And mention his alone.

His wings bear up her soul aloft,

'Bove all that can molest:

His bosom is the pillow soft

On which her head doth rest.

Lo, how on his almighty arms

She can her cares unload;

And march thro' all opposing harms,

Depending on her God.

Her fir'd affections upward tow'r,

And with a heav'nly air,

Contempt on earthly glory pour,

As far below her care.

Ascending from the wilderness

Of sorrow, sin and thral,

And strongly bent for heav'nly bliss,

She leaves the dusky ball.

The CHURCH's Words.

*—I rais'd \* thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bare thee.*

To men's applause with mighty maze

What small regard is due!

But, Lord, with thee, who art my praise,

Let me my suit pursue.

Such sweet experience, Lord, I had

Beneath the apple-tree;

Under thy shadow still I'm glad

Alone to meet with thee.

I rais'd thee up in secret pray'r,

Thy joyful help to yield:

For by thy grace I wrestled there,

And by thy grace prevail'd.

Thy mother too that brought thee forth,

Hard trav'ling with annoy,

There at her Son, her Saviour's birth

Forgot her pangs for joy.

The saints beneath thy fruitful shade

Thy beauteous likeness wore;

\* *Thee* in the Hebrew has the mark of the masculine gender.

They

They that in sorrow travail'd had,  
 In joy thine image bore.  
 Thy shadow thus to them and me  
 Such pleasures does afford,  
 That more and more I long to see  
 Thy glory there, O Lord.

Verse 6. *Set me as a seal upon thine heart; as a seal upon thine arm:—*

Grant, Lord, my name engrav'd may be  
 Upon thy heart and breast;  
 And so insure thy love to me,  
 My glorious God and priest.  
 O set me stedfast as a seal  
 Upon thine arm divine,  
 And by confirming marks reveal  
 Thy mighty love is mine.  
 Grant also, Lord, my love to thee  
 May firmly be imprest:  
 And let thy name my signet be  
 Deep stamp't upon my breast.  
 O may my heart the center prove  
 Of thy affections keen;  
 Thy heart the center of my love,  
 And nought to intervene.

—*For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave:—*

Strong wings of holy love aloft  
 Bear up my soul afresh,  
 Which in sweet raptures dying soft  
 Forgets the clog of flesh.  
 While thus my heart does mounting fly  
 On this seraphic wing,



In love to thee, I kindly die  
To every mortal thing.

As thy strong love, O Lord, to me  
Could conquer death and dread;

So does my ardent love to thee  
The pow'r of death exceed.

It kills me, Lord; I can't resist  
This strong desire of mine:

If not with satisfaction blest,  
To death, to death, I pine.

Admit me, Lord, into thy heart,  
Lest my heart jealous be

That either thine from me depart,  
Or mine depart from thee.

Such jealousy would sore torment  
And torture me to death;

Like the devouring grave, intent  
To stop my vital breath.

—The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a  
most vehement flame.

These jealous flames will quite consume  
My soul, like burning fire;

Unless thy loving answer come  
To suit my heart's desire.

My flaming heart does melt afresh,  
If thou depart i' th' least;

Mine ardent zeal eats up my flesh,  
Love-sickness pains my breast.

The sparks of fervid love ascend  
Like mounting flames on high;

With veh'ment force they heav'n-ward bend,  
And pierce the azure sky.

O let



O let thy bowels, Lord, be mov'd

To grant my heart's desire;

I'd rather die than not be lov'd,

My heart is all on fire.

*Verse 7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.*

No waves could quench thy love, which sat

As king upon the flood

Of rolling vengeance vastly great,

And on a sea of blood.

Thus nor can many waters drown

My flaming love to thee,

Nor torrents of turmoil bear down

The zeal that burns in me.

In vain by flatt'ries or by fears

Do hell and earth combine,

To quench the fire of love, that bears

A stamp so much divine.

Desertion black, nor dev'l, nor man,

Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,

Nor life, nor death, nor angels can

Divorce my love from thee.

Were wealth to bribe my love, I could

The golden bait disdain,

Like despicable dung that would

Invade my heart in vain.

I cast contempt on suiters all

That dare compete with thee,

And value thrones no more than thrall,

Should they thy rivals be.

Verse 8. *We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts;  
what shall we do for our sister, in the day when  
she shall be spoken for?*

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual love  
Is thus so deep imprest;

May I this access sweet improve,  
That others may be blest:

Our little sister, Lord, to wit,

A barren Gentile race,

With all uncall'd, unsav'd as yet,

Tho' chosen by thy grace:

She little knowledge hath, we see,

No fashion'd breasts of love;

No principle of grace from thee,

Nor nurture from above.

No breasts of consolation sweet,

No word, no means of grace;

No warm milk of instruction meet,

To feed her starving race.

What shall be done for her, I pray,

And for her progeny,

When they shall on the marriage-day

Be call'd to match with thee?

What for our sister-church to come

Which Jews or Greeks shall hatch

To bring her to the marriage-room,

And carry on the match?

CHRIST's Words.

Verse 9. *If she be a wall, we will build upon her a  
palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will in-  
close her with boards of cedar.*

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do,

With this our sister dear,

When

When by the gospel-call I woo,  
And speak into her ear.  
If once the good work were begun,  
As by my grace it shall;  
And she by faith on me alone  
Built like a brazen wall:  
We'll make the wall a work complete,  
A silver palace fair \*,  
A temple for my holy Sp'rit  
To dwell for ever there.  
If once I make her heart a door  
Wide ope to take me in;  
We'll, as with cedar boards, secure  
And strengthen her within.  
We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Will frame, advance, and crown  
The happy building at our cost,  
Which hell shall ne'er pull down.  
Ev'n outcast Gentiles base, at length  
The wond'ring world shall see  
In num'rous issue, beauty, strength,  
And grandeur, rival thee.

**The CHURCH's Words.**

*Verse 10. I am a wall, and my breasts like towers;  
then was I in his eyes, as one that found favour.*

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear  
Thy promise made to me,  
For elect sister-churches dear?  
I roll their care on thee.  
My sweet experience clears thou wilt  
Thus kindly deal with them;

\* Psal. cxliv. 12.

For I'm a wall most firmly built  
And rear'd upon thy name.

Thou mak'st my breasts of graces grow :  
Like iv'ry tow'rs so high ;

I trust what love to me dost show,  
To them thou won't deny.

When grace my unbelief destroy'd,  
And on my rock me fix'd,  
Thy favour then my soul enjoy'd,  
With sweet love-tokens mix'd.

Then did my life's deportment shew  
Thine image on my heart ;  
And thou thyself with pleasure view  
The grace thou dost impart.

I'm joyful when to mind I do  
These happy days recal ;  
By grace was I built up, and so  
My little sister shall.

*Verse 11. Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon, he  
let out the vineyard unto keepers : every one for the  
fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.*

Another object of my care,  
Beside our sister dear,  
Is likewise, Lord, thy vineyard fair,  
Already planted here.

Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,  
A vineyard did possess,  
And to a multitude did lease,  
And let it out to dress.

At Baal-hamon, where he plants  
Upon a fruitful soil,  
And servants with commission grants  
To keep it from turmoil,

He takes the care in chief, but they  
An under trust maintain ;

He wakes and keeps it night and day,  
Else watchmen watch in vain.

From ev'ry servant there employed  
He still requires the rent  
Of praise, for what they have enjoy'd  
And work to his content.

Each one for fruit that he assigns,  
Proportion'd tribute brings,  
And renders for a thousand vines  
A thousand silverlings †.

CHRIST's Words.

*Verse 12. My vineyard which is mine, is before me.*

My vineyard, love, the object is  
Of my peculiar care ;  
My heart and eye is fixed on this  
More close than any where.

'Tis mine by special right and grant,  
By blood and conquest too ;  
The state and case of ev'ry plant  
Is always in my view.

My vineyard in my bosom set  
Has therein such a room,  
A woman sooner can forget  
The infant of her womb.

Tho' nature should her frame desert,  
And mothers monsters prove ;  
Yet Zion dwells upon the heart  
Of everlasting love.

The CHURCH's Words.

*---Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those  
that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.*

True, Lord the vineyard is thine own,  
The charge is chiefly thine ;

† Isa. vii. 23.

Yet



Yet under thee, thou hast made known,  
 The charge is also mine \*.  
 This vineyard of mine own, alas !  
 Of late I did neglect ;  
 But now I will the trust (thro' grace)  
 More carefully inspect.  
 My graces, talents, time and all  
 That I receive from thee,  
 To husband for thy service, shall  
 Be always in mine eye.  
 The fruits of gratitude I'll bring,  
 Which unto thee I owe :  
 The vineyard's revenue, O King,  
 Belongs to thee, I know.  
 To thee a thousand-fold pertains ;  
 And when thou gett'st thy due,  
 To under-keepers, for their pains,  
 Two hundred shall accrue.  
 Tho' none that labour in thy name  
 Shall of thy praise partake ;  
 Yet what respect is due to them  
 I'll render for thy sake.

## CHRIST's Words.

Verse 13. *Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice : † cause me to hear it.*

Ⓞ thou, my bride, that lov'st to haunt

The gardens of my grace,  
 And solemn inns where ev'ry saint  
 Delights to see my face.

I'm pleas'd thou careful keep for me

The orchards of my love,

Until thy nobler mansion be

The paradise above.

\* The preceeding part of this verse, tho' already explained and applied to Christ, yet being reckoned by some to be the church's words, are here also resumed as hers.

† Or cause me to be heard.

The

The saints, all thy companions dear,  
To social worship bent,  
Are glad thy graceful words to hear,  
And to thy voice intent.  
Take this occasion in thy walk  
To cause me to be heard;  
Make me the subject of thy talk,  
My name to be rever'd.  
And while they to thy voice give ear,  
Cause me hear it too,  
By flying posts of frequent pray'r :  
Full freedom I allow.  
I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,  
Until the parting screen  
And range of hills 'twixt thee and me  
No more shall intervene.

**The CHURCH's Words.**

Verse 14. \* *Make haste my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.*

Ah Lord, communion with thee now  
Is sweet but quickly o'er:  
We must not part but with a view  
To meet again in glore.  
Mean time, still let fresh news from thee  
(My soul from sloth to purge)  
Effect thy hearing oft from me,  
As thou art pleas'd to urge.  
But O make haste to bring me home  
To that delicious place,  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Nor clouds to veil thy face.  
Fly like a youthful hart or roe  
On speedy wings of love:  
I languish while I sin below,  
And long to sing above.

\* Heb. Fly away.

'Tis good indeed to taste thy grace  
In gardens here below:

But better far to see thy face  
Above where spices flow.

These balmy heights thy glory fills

'Till the refreshing day;

But haste, my love, upon the hills;

Love cannot bear delay.

Thy second coming must be dear,

O my belov'd to me;

For, when thou shalt with clouds appear,

I'll then be like to thee.

Thy foes that awful day may hate,

And view with fearful grudge;

But, free of dread, I long, I wait:

My love will be my judge.

I ardent pant with restless eyes

To see thee face to face;

No less than glory can suffice

The appetite of grace.

My months are ages of delay,

Each minute slowly wears;

'Till thy swift chariot roll away

These rounds of tedious years.

No balsam can remede my sore.

'Till Jesus from on-high

Shall cleave the starry plains, and o'er

The crystal mountains fly.

Roll days and years out of the way

Between my soul and thee,

O haste the consummation-day;

Amen, so let it be.